



Anglorum Magnanimus BEVILLIUS
GRANDIL Cornubiensis Eques Auratus.



Anglorum Magnanimus BEVILLIUS
GRANDIL Cornubiensis Eques Auratus.

VERSES

BY

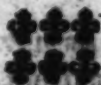
The University of OXFORD.

On the Death of the Most Noble, and Right
Valiant Sir Bevil Grenvill, alias Grantvill, Kt.

Who was Slain by the Rebels at the Battle on
Lansdown-Hill, near Bath, July the 5. 1643.

*Aut spoliis ego jam rapta laudabo opimis,
Aut Lachis insigni.* ———— Virg. Aeneid.

most Honourable Princes Council.



Printed at Oxford in the Year of our Lord, 1643.
and now Reprinted at London, 1684.

V · E · R · S · E

The University of Oxford

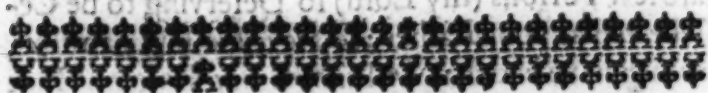
Of the Death of the Most Noble
 Virginia, Duchess of Gloucester, and of the

Who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of
 Langport Hill, near Bath, July 21. 1645.

And also in the
 Virg. Aeneid.



Printed at Oxford in the Year of our Lord 1684.
 and now Reprinted at London, 1684.



To the Right Honourable
 John Earl of BATH, Viscount of
 Lansdown, Baron Granvill of
 Granvill, Bideford, and Kilkhampton,
 Lord-Lieutenant and High-
 Steward of the Dutchy of Cornwall,
 Lord-Warden of the Stanneries,
 Governour of Plymouth, Groom of
 the Stole to his Majesty, First Gentleman
 of his Majesties Bed-Chamber,
 and One of the Lords of his Majesties
 most Honourable Privy-Council.

THESE Verses were an *Epicidium* of the Muses
 of Oxford, made to adorn the Herse of your
 Noble Father, who Dy'd so Gloriously at *Lans-*
down, in Defence of his Prince and Country. It is
 Apparent what a Publique loss his Death was, that
 one of the first Universities of *Europe* should think
 fit to Lament it: A Respect, it may be, never done
 before to any but to the Royal Family. But as there

The Epistle Dedicatory.

are few Persons (my Lord) so Deserving to be Celebrated as your Father; To are these few Families, which have had that Military Glory in them. Not to go back so far as your great Ancestor *Hamon Dentatus Earl of Corbeil*, Descended from the Warlike *Rollo Duke of Normandy*; Nor to Mention his two Renowned Sons, *Robert Fitzhamon*, and *Sr Richard de Granvill*, who came over with *William the Conqueror*, and Ayded him at the Battle of *Hastings*, to Wynn the Crown of *England*, and afterward in the Conquest of *Wales*; there are late Instances of other of your Progenitors who have Illustrated your Race by their valiant Actions. In the War with *France*, betwixt *Henry the 8th.* and *Francis the first*, *Sir Roger Granvil* lost his life at Sea: And his Son *Sir Richard Granvil*, when he was very Young went a Volentier into *Hungary* to serve the Emperour *Ferdinand* against the *Turk*, and after that was with *Don John of Austria* at the Battle of *Lepanto*, the greatest Day that ever was at Sea since that of *Actium*. At his Return home, applying himself to the Sea, he became an Expert Captain and Admirall, & after Several Voyages into the *West-Indies*, and elsewhere, & Services done his Country, with much Honour and Successe, he was at last Slayn at the *Azores Islands*, having with one of the *Queen's Ships* alone, being unhappily Sepe-

rated

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rated from the rest of the Fleet, whereof he was Vice-Admiral, sustain'd a fight against the whole Naval power of *Spain*; never yeilding, though his Guns were dismounted, his men almost all hurt or kill'd, himself Mortally Wounded, and his *Decks* blown up, that there was no place left to fight upon; so that his Enemies were Astonished at his valour, and Concern'd to save him; as if he had been of their own Nation: but his Wounds being too Mortall to be cured, he Expired in a Few Hours, and was Buried in the Ocean, which had been the Theatre of his Glory.

I cannot forget another Sir *Richard Granville* your Lordships Uncle, who having done his Apprenticeship in Arms in the *Low-Countrys* and *German Wars*, serv'd his late Majesty in the *Northern Expeditions*, and then in the *Wars of Ireland*; and at length coming to command one of the Kings Armies in the *West*, kept that Country in his Majesties Obedience, till the Rest of *England* was lost, & the fortune of the Parliament prevail'd every where: A severe Observer of Military Discipline; and my Lord General the Old Duke of *Albemarle* was wont to say, one of the best Captains we had in all the War of *England* and *Ireland*. As the Name and fortune of your Ancestors are Descended to your Lordship, so is their Virtue too, which appeared so early in you, that before you

The Epistle Dedicatory.

were Seaventeen years Old, you enter'd into your Fathers Command; and after you had serv'd the King upon several Engagements in the Army, and particularly in *Cornwall*, at the Defeat of the *Earl of Essex*, you brought those Valiant Companies in the Head of which your Father was slain at *Lambdown*, to fight for his Majesty at the Second Battel of *Newbery*, where you were like to have undergone your Fathers fate, as well as Imitated his Virtue, for being Engaged in the Thickest of the Enemies, and having receiv'd severall wounds, and one most Dangerous *One* in the Head, with the blow of a Halberd, which beat you to the Ground, you lay for some time without Sense or Motion, till a Body of the Kings Horse Charging the Enemy a-fresh, beat them off the ground upon which you fought, where you were found amongst the Dead, Cover'd with Dust and Blood; and being known, were carried into that place of the Field, where the King & *Prince of Wales* (his now Present Majesty) were, who sent you to *Dennington Castle* to be treated for your Wounds. It could not My Lord but be matter of great Contentment to you, to have his Majesty himself a witness of the Blood you had lost for him, and a Spectator of that Loyalty and Courage, which are the Hereditary Qualities of your Family.

No sooner were the Armies drawn off from the
Field

Field of *Newbery*, but you were presently Besieged in *Dennington*, where for some time you lay in Extream Danger of your life; not only by those Desperate Wounds you had got in the late Battel, but in the hazzard you were in, of Receiving new ones from the Enemy, the Bullets flying continually through the Room where you lay under Cure, till you were Releived by the Victorious Forces of his Majesty at the Third Battel of *Newbery*: Nor have you only Serv'd the King with your Sword in the Field, but been another way a Chief Instrument of the Greatest good that ever came to *England*, I mean the Restauration of his Majesty, and of the Laws and Liberty of your Oppressed Country. This my Lord was brought to pass by your Prudent and Successfull Negotiation with my Lord General *Monck*, you having a particular Commission from the King to treat with him; with whom when you had Conserted all things for his Majesties Return, and that without Imposing the least Condition upon him, you Posted away to *Bruzells* to give him an Account of it: In which Journey as well as in the Rest of your Conduct in this Affair, you exposed your self to no Ordinary Danger, and most certainly serv'd the King your Master more Effectually, then if you had won more then One Battel for him.

My Lord General who seem'd to be inspir'd in

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Carrying on of this Great Business, was so Circumpect, that he would not write to the King by your Lordship, for fear you might be Searched upon the Way, and what you carried Intercepted, and his Great Design Discover'd before it was Ripe, and therefore left all to your Care and Prudent Management. But at your Return, he wrote a Letter to his Majesty, wherein he confirmed to him under his Hand what he had Promised and Agreed in his Treaty with your Lordship, viz. That he would Employ all the Power he had to let the King upon his Throne, and that without Condition. This Letter was delivered to his Majesty at Bede by your Noble Brother Mr. Bernard Gifford. If ever Letter were wellcome to a Prince, this had Reason to be so, since it contained no less then a humane Assurance that his Majesties Travels were at an End, and that the time was come that Almighty God would Restore him to his Crowns & Kingdoms, from which his Majesty was so long & so Unjustly kept by most Bloody Usurpers. Your Lordship is not only happy in the Conspect of your own Actions, and Virtuous Examples of those who are gone before you, but in the most hopefull Prospect you have of your Descendents. For my Lord Landgrave treading in the Steps of his Brave Ancestors, hath been already Courting Honour in the Wars of Hungary, where

The English Chronicle.

where he both did & dyed; & his name is in all
those great Records, particularly at *Kornenderab*,
where the Duke of *Burgundy* Defeated Twelve
Thousand Spahyes in a false Campaigne at the
Relieving of *Alenay*, which was Besieged by an
Army of Two Hundred Thousand Combatants;
At the Battell of *Batain*, where the King of Poland,
& his whole Army had been Certainly lost, if the
Duke of *Lorraine*, which was my Lord *Lansdown*
then was, had not come in, & turn'd the Day at the
very instant that fortune was Declaring for the Infidels;
& lastly, at the taking of *Graz*, the second Ci-
ty of the Kingdom; and now he is certain'd Home
with Laurels, & as lasting Memoriall of his A-
chievements, being Dignified with the Quality of
Count of the Empire, and Honoured to bear his
Paternal Coats of Armes upon the Roman Eagle. I
112. But in this Epistle (My Lord) I have I am ingra-
tifying, and not a History, and therefore I will Con-
clude, humbly Intreating your Excellency to give
your Patronage to these Verses, which I Conceive
I have some Right to Dispose of, since by the Force
of Survivorship they belong to me, who am the
only man Living of all those Names you find
here. I am your Obedient Son, &c. Right Reverend Lord, whose
Obliging favour is Obtain'd to this Edition: And
therefore I cause them to be Reprinted, and Con-
secrated to the Immortall Memory of your most
Noble

Pa. New P. 16.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Noble Father, as the greatest Testimony I am able
to give your Lordship of the Honour I have for
you, & your Family; Desiring further your Lord-
ships Pardon for Presuming to Repaint and Bind
in One Volume together with the said Verses, a
Letter from his Late Majesty, the Royal Martyr,
to Sr Beuill Granuill, your said Noble Father; and
another with his said Majesties most Gracious Pa-
tent to the County of Cornwall; with his Present
Majesties Warrant, given to your Lordship at
Brussells, for your Signal Services, (already Printed
in the History of his Majesties Restauration,) and
a particular account of his said Majesties Grace and
Favour to the Loyal Towns & Burroughs within
the Dutchy of Cornwall, upon your Lordships
Favourable Mediation for your Country-men:
Together with the relation of that Famous Sea-
fight of your aforesaid Great Grandfather Sir
Richard Granuill, Written by the incomparable
Sir Walter Raleigh.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humbly

Devoted Servant,

Henry Deane.

From the Inner-Tem-
ple, Nov. 1. 1684.

Printed by J. Streater at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, in London.

(1)

TO THE MEMORY
of Sir BEVILLE GRANVILLE

IT is not He. I'll not believe mine Eye.
He that could never Fear, can never Dye.
Dust, Sweat, and Bloud, mixt in that Face, conspire
To say his GRANVILLE. Prust I'm not. The Pire,
That warm'd his Brest, was Vestall, Star born Light,
Blame, that no Ocean, Day that fear'd no Night.
It is not He. But weeping Truth says, 'Tis
That Corps of Glory can be None, but His.
So hovers Valour o're that Brow; 'Lo yet
(As, after Tempests, empty'd Clouds still Threat)
Terror leaps from those Eyes, and Rebels Run;
The Souldier lives still, though the Man be gone.
The Man! Courage laid More: But Honour, sitting
With Fame in Council, found it far more fitting
The World should know him Mortall; that he Fought
On equal terms; that to the Field He brought
Nothing Impenetrable, but his Mind;
Knew Danger and despis'd it: Since, we find
Cowards, Seel'd, & Act Valour. All else than
Speaking Him more, Death was to prove Him Man.
Then, when, as a Destroying Angell sent
To Mow a Guile Nation down, He sent
Blow's like to Whirlwinds: And the World saw Him
Not with a Pike, but Thunder, roll in's hand.

uonl

B

GRANVILLE

(1)

GRANVILL against an Army. He being one;
Cannon, Horse, Foot himself. So Fir, and growe
Unto the Hill it had Caw'd, and now it had good
That like another Hill, it stood, it stood
Fort to Himself and Us; Stronger then all
Cow'rds Love & Loose, Steep Mountain, Wood, & Wall,
Whence His sword Ch'd them once his Blood do's still,
Sprinkling the Ground, and Hollowing the Hill;
Where, since Drunke from such a Loyall Vein,
Rebellion ne're shall dare set Foot again.

Thomas Mordaunt
IS GRANVILL dead, or Valour is he
Hath left this World, or is it Loyalty
Alas I, both Dye with Him, both leaveas I how
Shall none forgive him, Traitorous Cowards growe
Good Heav'ns forbid, by them the Keefe more
Both by his Patern Live, both in his Person Dye

Robert Greville
Could I know, Great GRANVILL, of your
Thy famous Actions in the World, how
Could I write as Thou taught'st the World to write
Perhaps some Picture of thy Deeds, and Thee
And, thus inspir'd from thy bold Name, my Verse
At once would come forth rapture, and reberle
But as those ravill'd Prophets, whope old
Sick of their God, and much too frail to hold
Their strong Inspirer, first felt rapture, then spoke
And utter'd Answer, which from Labours brake
So meeting Things too high to be express'd
I had my self, whilst I describe, oppress'd

GRANVILL
B
hon

(1)

Thou dost once possess, and hinder; still
 Rifest, and multipli'st between my Quill
 Still bring'st new, various, Matter to my Dress;
 Which still begins: and still shew's Endlesness;
 So *Homer* strove with his *Achilles*, who
 Should brave'lier write, or who should brave'lier do;
 So what at first He meant an Ode, and Song,
 Swell'd to a Work, and Story ten years long;
 And what at first was destin'd to one Shade,
 Spread in the Writing, and prov'd *Iliads*.
 Hadst Thou, like Others, fought by Rule, and Line,
 Who call it Valour, Wisely to decline
 Assaults, and Dangers, and maintain that there
 Can be no Fortitude, where is no Fear;
 Hadst thou believ'd that They, who do engage
 Themselves beyond relief, fight not, but rage;
 Or that, when men beyond a mean do stray,
 Their Fury's only Valiant, not Their Fear;
 We on thy Temples now had planted Bays,
 And Thou hadst lov'd to hear and feel the Praise;
 But Thou didst scorn such Rules, and call'dst such Laws,
 Arts how to blemish, and desert a Cause;
 Countedst those false, whom Others do count wise;
 And their discreet Fear, order'd Cowardice;
 Far above all cold precepts, which do preach
 Escapes, retreats, and fallings back, and teach
 Advantages of Time, and place, and then
 Learnedly make Men Pusillanimous;
 Or at most, valiant to a Point, and all
 Their Courage merely Philosophicall;
 Thou thought'st it still ignobler to retire,
 With shame, and children, such as still admire
 Still call out retreating, fleeing of the Day;
 Still thought it that to be free was to be free.

And where the Cause requir'd it, not to dye
 That 'twas as great a baseness as to fly
 Thus meeting Dangers in their sternest shape,
 Thy Arts were still t'encounter, not to scape
 Still reckoned'st it a Souldiers Stain, and blot
 To be secure, not by his Sword, but Plot.

Methinks I see Thee shaking thy bold spear
 Against a numerous Host, without their fear
 Who did beset Thee, and the spacious plain
 Before Thee strow'd with Slain fal'n on thy slain.
 Whilst all our other Troops, discharg'd from fight,
 Wonder'd to see the War turn'd to a Sight,
 Where one encounter'd many, and descried
 A Siege on theirs, a Duel on our Side.

Great Soul! who didst contract the Battel to
 Thy Solitary self; and there didst do
 Things, which made all our other Forces be
 Idle spectators of their Victory;
 While't safer by thy Side, then at their home,
 Their business was to see, and overcome.

O what Terror issued from thy Look,
 Which fought as well as Thou; and Prisoners took
 By thee, as by the Hand; which but beheld
 Made the first Skirmish, and at distance quell'd
 Thy unarm'd face shew'd dreadful as our Lances
 The foe felt new Artileries from thy Glances;
 Which still, like Native Engines, from Thee flew,
 And at once routed, char'd, and overthrew.

Thus, then, secur'd by thy Great self, at once
 To us a Bulwark, to thy self a Sconce,
 As in a Circle 'bout Thee drawn by the charms
 Of thine own Courage, which did arm thy Arms,
 How didst thou dare the numerous Foe? still mock
 Their furious Onsets with a shock for shock?

(5)

Still 'gainst their Iron Men, and men of Steel,
 Like One enchanted all parts but the Heart,
 (If We may credit what some do report)
 Did'st hold fight from thy self, as from a Fort;
 Impregnable, untoucht: still did'st repair
 The Faintings of those who about thee were?
 Still did'st recure our Losses? We did see
 New Squadrons, as some sell, still rais'd from Thee;
 Whose Valour ran supplys; and We from thence
 Saw Thee new Troops, new Regiments dispence,
 Still unexhausted. We can now unfold
 Th' ambiguous rumour, and report, which told,
 And spoke of our Increase ith West, that there,
 Two Camps, two Armies for us did appear.
 The *Cornishmen* made One, the Other Fame,
 Which reckon'd Thee Stout *Grantville*, and thy Name,
 Still as our other Camp: from whence We drew
 Fresh Legions still, and thus from handfulls grew.
 Here, some would chide thy Valour, whose bold Heart
 Joyn'd thine own to the Enemies defeat;
 And say 'twas rashness in Thee to expose
 Thy self a Pikeman against Horsemen Foes;
 As if so fall had been thy Plot, and aim,
 And Thou had'st some Ambition to be slain.
 'Tis true, indeed, our Conquest had been more,
 Had'st Thou liv'd to behold it, with the Store
 Of Worthies who escap'd: Since, losing Thee,
 We did not Win, but change a Victory.
 Yet if to Dye with Honour be a Grace;
 If to fall, and to consecrate the place
 On which Thou fell'st, and make it sacred Ground
 To all those who surviv'd Thee, and stood round,
 Be Nobler then to live: Those Books, which tell
 Of ancient *Heroes*, who devoted fell,

And

And yielding up their souls and Writings Ghosts,
 With their brave ruines did preserve their Hosts,
 Will always be thy Chronicle; whom Death
 Snatcht like a *Deine* hence; whose hallowed Breath
 Flew from Thee like an Offering; who dyed it twice,
 Our Souldier once, and once our Sacrifice.

Father Mann

Not to be wrought by Malice, Gain, or Pride,
 To a Compliance with the Thriving Side;
 Not to take Arms for love of Change, or Spight,
 But only to maintain Afflicted Right;
 Not to dye vainly in pursuit of Fame,
 Perversely seeking after Voice and Name;
 Is to Resolve, Fight, Dye, as Martyrs do:
 And thus did He, Souldier, and Martyr too.
 He might (like some Reserved Men of State,
 Who look not to the Cause, but to its Fate)
 Have stood aloof, engag'd on Neither Side,
 Prepar'd at last to strike in with the Tyde.
 But well weigh'd Reason told him, that when Law
 Either is Renounc'd, or Misapply'd by the awe
 Of false-nam'd Common-wealths men; when the Right
 Of King, and Subject, is suppress'd by Might;
 When all Religion either is Refus'd
 As meer Pretence, or meerly, as That us'd;
 When thus the Fury of Ambition Swells,
 Who is not Active, Modestly Rebels.
 Whence, in a just esteem, to Church and Crown
 He offred All, and nothing thought His own.
 This thrust Him into Action, Whole, and Free;
 Knowing no Interest but Loyalty;
 Not loving Arms as Arms, or Scife for Scife;
 Nor Waitfull, nor yet Sparing of his Life;

(22)

A great Extractor of Himself, and then
 By fair Command no less of Other men;
 Courage, and Judgment had their equal part;
 Councell was added to a Generous Heart;
 Affairs were justly tim'd; nor did he catch
 At an Affected Fame of Quick Dispatch;
 Things were Prepar'd, Debated, and then Done,
 Nor rashly Brook, nor vainly Over-toun;
 False Periods no where by Design were made,
 As are by those, who make the Warr their Trade;
 The Building still was suited to the Ground,
 Whence every Action issu'd Full and Round.
 We know who blind their Men with specious Lyes,
 With Revelations, and with Prophecies;
 Who promise Two things to obtain a Third,
 And are themselves by the like Motives stirr'd;
 By no such Engines He His Souldiers draws;
 He knew no Arts, but Courage and the Cause;
 With these he brought them on, as well-train'd men,
 And with these too he brought them off again.

I should, I know, track Him through all the Course
 Of his great Actions, show their Worth and Force;
 But, although all are Handled, yet we cast
 A more intensive Eye still on the last.

When at length incens'd Rebel proudly came
 Down like a Torrent without Banks, or Dam;
 When Undersaid Success urg'd on their force,
 That Thunder must come down to strengthen Course;
 Or Granville must step in; Then Granville stood,
 And with Himself oppos'd, and checkt the Flood;
 Conquest, or Death, was all His Thought; So fire
 Either Orecomes, or doth it self consume;
 His Courage workt like Flints, that cast their sparks
 Here, there, on this, on that side; None gave out;
 Not

Not any Pike in that Renowned Stand,
 But took new Force from His Injured Hand,
 Souldier encourag'd Souldier, Man urg'd Man,
 And He urg'd All: To much Example can
 Hurt upon Hurt, Wound upon Wound did call,
 He was the But, the Mark, the Aim of All:
 His Soul this while retir'd from Cell to Cell,
 At last flew up from all, and then He fell:
 But the Devoted Stand, enraged more
 From that his Fate, ply'd hotter then before,
 And Proud to fall with Him, sworn not to yield,
 Each sought an Honour'd Grave, and gain'd the Field:
 Thus, He being fall'n, his Action fought anew:
 And the Dead conquer'd, whiles the Living flew.

This was not Natures Courage: nor that thing
 We Valour call, which Time and Reason bring;
 But a Diviner Fury, Fierce, and High,
 Valour transported into Extasie,
 Which Angells, looking on Us from above,
 Use to conveigh into the Souls they love.
 You now that boast the Spirit, and its sway,
 Shew Us his Second, and we'll give the Day.
 We know your Politique Axiom—Lurk, or Fly:
 Ye cannot Conquer, 'cause ye dare not Dye.
 And though you thank God, that you lost none there,
 Because Th' were such, who Liv'd not when they were;
 Yet your great Generall (who doth Rise and Fall,
 As his Successes do, whom you dare call,
 As fame unto you doth Reports dispense,
 Either a Traytor, or His Excellency)
 How e're he reigns now by unheard of Laws,
 Could wish His Fate together with his Cause:
 And Thou (Bless'd Soul) whose Glar Compassed Family
 As Amber Bodies Keeps, preserves thy Name,

Whose

(9)

Whose Life affords what doth contents Both Eyes,
 Glory for People, Substance for the Wife;
 Go laden up with Spoyle, possess That Scar
 To which the Valiant, when th' have done retreat:
 And when Thou seest an happy Period sent
 To these Distractions, and the Storm quite spent;
 Look do yn, and say: I have my share in All,
 Much Good grew from my Life, Much from my Fall.

William Cartwright.

What We have Lost in Thee, We need not write,
 Thine Enemies will do't; and in meer Spite
 Commend Thy Valour, that the World may know,
 In *Granville's* Fall, the Greatness of Our Blow;
 Let them alone to give Thee thy whole Due,
 We only need Believe They can speak True.
 Nor is it fit we should with Tears lament
 That Blood thy Self thought it honourably spent;
 And scorned it at their Arms to draw a Breath,
 From whose Gift nothing's Noble but a Death;
 Lets rather Weep for them, by whom 'twas Spilt,
 Whose Best of Courage was but worth of Guilt.
 Who had been Cowards had they Got the Day,
 And shew'd Best Spirits when they Ran away;
 Those pittied things yield matter for a Tear:
 But Thy great Worth moves in a higher Sphear.
 He only Mourns That right, that fights like Thee,
 And a fierce Charge is a good Elegie.
 Brave Soul! me thinks I see how Thou didst stand
 Directing Victory to the Right Hand,
 How Thou didst set Her in again, that Day,
 Who, but for Thee, had almost lost her Way.
 That little Spark drops from Eternity,
 Dilated by its self, and Loyalty.

How

(Re)

How it Forget its Honour, the sturdy Span. I shold
Of Flesh and Blood that makes out a man
And stoutly durst adventure to oppose
Thy Equall Self against whole Troops of Foes
May Honour dwell upon thy Tomb, and keep
Thy Glories waking, while thy Dust doth sleep
And may that fat and Turf, whence Pregnant Famine
Yet Breeding, Hovers so deep, warm the same,
Grow fruitfull from thy Blood, untill it bring,
A Flower, from whence a second Mars may Spring.

William Barker

Thou Name of Valour! Heir of all that Worth,
Which Faces with constant Bounty have pow'd forth
On Granville honour'd Race? In whom did dye
More then their Army, more then Victory
Could recompense, which to that gallant Stand
We owe, from ruine snatcht by thy brave Hand
Oh I could curse the villains odds! For when
We hazard Gold, they bar the dross of men
Bate me the price of sin, the City pay,
And what they steal in order to obey
The Honles Vot, more than the Region
Me name, wherein not an art worth what's spent
Barely in feeding markets, we're of lost
Powder; to kill such Rogues doth not cost
And yet his nobly fought, his conquest
Alone begets those Names, not any feat
Of Triumph, for what honour is to sell
That here a Sergeant, Major, Captain
There a Mechanick, Colonell drops down
Not fit to serve in any honest Town
Our Conquest is unpleas'd, we must grieve;
And with the punish'd Rebels did still live,

How

Reserv'd

(rr)

Reserv'd for more ignoble fall; since here
 Justice (though sacred name) was bought too dear.
 Sad Victory! the Profitless Fiction how
 Thank, yet not mock Obed for their overthrow.
 Since gladly they would sacrifice a flood
 Out of the Commons veins, for this one blood
 A thousand lives, and thousand Souls to boot
 They give; it costs them naught but this look to
 Guilty and wretched Commons! tell me, why
 Only in order to your misery
 You will be Perjur'd Retainers, whence doth
 This frantic pleasure, from your sinners
 Did you improve your safety, did you grow
 Like your deceivers misdeeds, being drawn
 In blood, more fruitful grows your then did
 Your Souls for something; but to purchase
 With Poverty and dangers, that you may
 Be sooner dead, yet still if you live, a prey
 Is so rare Phoenix, that you only can
 Be thought to differ in the shape of man
 From wildest beasts. But you are forc't to fight
 You love your King, and wish He had His Right
 Yet as a Duke against him, money will
 Contribute, Treasons are against your will
 Unworthy, vain excuse! why should you fear
 Those few bloods? Terrible they were
 By your abused Strength, if you would
 Your Aids, they fall, to the long list of
 Just sacrifices should they carry
 Your wealth, they give, you have
 Leave you return'd to Duty, and to Peace
 Hating the State, as if it were
 But a vile Row (as it still is) came down
 He kept a spear and underneath Crown
 Plac'd

THe Villains now arise, let's pay our Vow,
 See *Granvill*'s blood stands teard on their brow!
 If their course *Veyns* an Ocean should disperse
 'T would not appease, because the more the worse;
 Behold great *Barne*, *Stuart*, *Compton*, now
 Sage *Pierpont*, and fresh bleeding *Cavendish* too!
 Names that ere long shall strike this perjur'd Crowd,
 And shoot down Vengeance from that Bowish Clowd,
 Which shall consume these weeds that Truth may grow,
Granvill hath pawn'd his blood it shall be so.
 Great *William*! Saint! Loving and lov'd again,
 (For he that conquers Fear may conquer Men)
 Thy choice was just and early, nor adjourn'd
 'Till the great scale at *Keinton* field was turn'd.
 See, *GRANVILL*'s up (the mighty *Cornish* crys)
 Which (like a Beacon fir'd) made them All rise,
 Thus rous'd, thou arm'd their inside day by day,
 Dealt flame and Spirit to them as their pay,
 Clear'd and advanc'd their blood, call them a new
 'Till in an instant they from *Gyants* grew
 Then led by Thee, they made vast *Deven* quake,
 So as to frighten forth fright led to the fight,
 Whole Fort, Ditch, Bulwarks did burrowe thy heart,
 Valour no more us broke then made by Art,
 Nay when thy Powder good, compell'd to cease
 That thou must bleed, or yield to what should please
 The two new families of *Barbours*
 Though *Amundson*, Courage was not spent
 Then, then thy steel made them out turn their heels
 Leave All, and take enough with them to burn their heels
 Thus *Bodmin*, *Straw* felt thy influence
 Great *BEVILL*'s *Sturton* too felt thy influence
 But when the Row (as th'hill it self) came down
 He grasp'd a spear and underpropt the Crown,
 Plac'd

(13)

Plac'd like the flaming *Cherubim*, laid about;
 Stood Guardian, there to keep th' Apostates out,
 Rear'd up like *Sampson*, took firm hold o' th' Beam,
 Then pull'd all down; Himself, the *House* and Them,
 His bleeding corps then on the Mount he hurl'd,
 And fought it out with them in th' other World,
 Till they gave off, letting their Matches burn.
 To light his conquering Ashes to his Urn.

Had thy *Godolphin* staid to help us here,
 His Pen had now took measure of thy spear,
 'T had madethee Emperor of the *West* and All,
 We blind with tears, see nothing but thy fall,
 Which now doth bleed again, and doubly pierce,
 To loose both *Granville's* sword, and *Sidney's* verse.

Cornwall (that glorious Dukedom) hence shall be
 Ador'd, Eternal by Prince CHARLES and Thee,
 Let their cheap Legions live (unfit to dye)
 Who like their weapons strikethey know not why,
 Give our just Swords more satisfying dust,
 Thread all the bold Committee at one thrust,
 Scatter the Plot, till all the ill-built frame
 Fall down as tribute to Great BEVILL's Name,
 That Name (which shames Their malice and our wit)
 Shall last as long as They conspir'd to sit.

John Burkinhead.

They, that give Thanks for Overthrows, had ne'er
 Their Pretence to God, when they had here.
 Mark't you not much our latter Triumphs one
 Intruding Sigh? Heard you not one sad Groan?
 'T was for the valliant *Granville*, which one Crois
 Allay'd our Victory, and made it Loss.
Granville, whose very Name the Rebels found
 Dealing Revenge, and Death in every wound.

While

While in the fierce Assault, they did not know,
 Whether they should win Thee alive, or no,
 How many trembling Ghosts did we enlarge
 To cry Thee mercy in the Second Charge:
 When the enraged *Cornish*, fierce upon
 Revenge of Thee, cry'd *Granvill*, and kill'd on
 Treasure of Valour! in thy bold Designs
 That Country glories more, then in her Mines.
 Thus fell the mighty *Scots*, while the Foe
 Trembled, and fear'd the very Overthrow.
 Thus in the North our brave *New-castle* stood,
 With more Success, with Honour no man could,
 Henceforth the Pike we doubtly honour'd call,
 From that One Triumph Fand, from this one Fall.

Robert Maister.

H Allow my temples, let my thoughts be dress'd
 In such attire as fits a Poet-Priest.
 That no rude accent may Profane thy name,
 But all things be as spotless as thy Fame;
 That Fame so great, that none but *Granvill* can
 In the next age believe it of a Man.
Granvill! The *Cornish* *Pen* it shall be,
 And only heard in Songs of Victory!
 Th'Eternall Theam of Poets! which shall give
 Strength to their Lines, and make their Verses live,
 Thou that in those black times dar'd it take good,
 When Treason was best Virtue, when none cou'd
 Be safe and honest; that almost alone
 Dar'd it love the King, when a whole Nation
 Was growing one great Rebell; halt firm stood,
 And gave the first great stop to th' growing Noe,
 Thou Destiny of our new moulded State,
 That first did it make it's greatness firm;
 Prepar'd

(66)

Prepar'd to save King, and crown'd his person
Thou Virtue great enough to make it live
How will the Ghost of a base Rebel
To see thy Shade? How great and terrible
To find themselves not safe, and that to dy
He's only chang'd the Scene of Victory
How will their Guilt grow double, when they see
Thy Shine; twice frighted by themselves and Thee
That glorious Shine, that shows the difference
Of Dying truly in the KING'S defence
That though both fall together, and the blood
Of Traytors and a Patriots, make one fload
They in the Shambles, He at the Altar dies
They fall as Beasts, and He a Sacrifice

Now may those Rebels one Thankgiving make
And not Blasphemy, nor fair Truth Scandal take
Thy death makes honest all their thick skind Lyes
From which alone all their feigned Victories
Grow truths: How had we lost in that one stroke
A Kingdom, had not such brave Verue broke
From thy Example, as did strike a flame
Into thy Followers, great as was thy Name
Yet, let them boast their Conquest if they can
Wee have gained an Army, and have lost a Man
And let them proude Thine slain, since from thy Death
A Thousand almost gather breath

So when the Sun's forc'd hence by Sable Night,
Myriad of Stars spring from his falling light.

Yet boast not, Seneca, know He could not dy;
Untill he had obtain'd the Victory
Death waited for that minute, that he said
Might rise more glorious though he nobler dy'd
Methinks

Methinks I now behold Him as Hee stood,
 (Undaunted Spirit!) when that stately wood
 Of Pikes march'd up; when like a Captain Oake
 He led that underwood, and took that stroke
 Which should have fell'd the Grove: I see him stand
 Dispensing Valour by his brave Command,
 And braver Actions, the Soldiers swords
 Being whetted by's Example, and his Words.
 Would this were real; but our fancies move
 Not guided by our knowledge, but our Love.

I could lament His Death, but that I know
 All accents of our grief are far below
 His vaster merit: rather let my Steel
 Revenge his Death, and make their Conqueror feel
 The anger of his Ghost; who flyly fled
 From *Granville* but a Ghost, from *Granville* dead.
 Go weep for Cowards; he who bravely Dyes
 Ought to have Musique at his Obsequies.

You happy souls who have the sacred trust
 Of his dead ashes; see no Coward dust
 Come near his Urne; 'tis fit his ashes lye
 Where there is none but Valiant Company.
 Near *Lindsey's*, *Denby's*, or *Northampton's* side,
 (Who Conquer'd dying) raise his *Pyramide*:
 Which may restore him to the World again,
 A Conquerer of Time, as well as Men.

Peter Men.

Wisdom directs, when Justice dictates right,
 And Courage (if provok't) then bids men fight:
 Wisdom to *Granville* said, thy *Cornish* friends
 Are mates enough to work thy noble ends:
 'Tis fit (spake Justice) to defend a Crown
 Then fight (said Courage) gain thee brave renown.

And

(177)

And Fame said to him, if thou dy'st, then I
Will keep thy Everlasting memory;
Fate only frown'd; *Greenville* obeys; commands
While Fate contriv'd his Death by Rebels hands;
Yet Friends, and Country do conserve his Name
With Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, and Fame.

Henry Love;

Heroic Martyr, whose Immortal death
Inliven'd here, giving our Realm new breath,
(For when the Sun sets bloody in the West,
The day still rises brighter in the East,
How Loyal wert Thou, when the general ring
Was heard *No Bishop*, while they meant *No King*;
And only to wrong *Charles* was to be true,
As robbing of the Church pay'd Heav'n it's due;
When too much Liberty did us enbrall,
And all Religions turn'd to none at all;
Whilst Rebel *Members* gainst their Head aim'd darts,
Voting Him none, by Whom they all are parts;
And their *Milisia* fought Him, for his aid,
To make Him *Great*, when *Public Faith* is paid
'Mong these Self-contradictours. You prov'd still
Faithfull; and free to die, as they to Kill:
Like *Devine*, a Devoted Sacrifice,
Most sure to fall, yet by thy fall to rise:
Whose *Brittish* acts did *Pompey's* words retrieve,
Wee needs must Stand, wee must not needs Survive.

When on the Mount Himself a Mount withstood
For th' Iron age too suitable a Brood,
(Who were *Achilles* like, as far as Steel
And *Syls* could doe, all proof, but in the Heel)
Courage was all his Shield, his *Gorgon's* head,
Striking with blowes, and with amazement dead;
While from his wounds what valiant blood did post,
Most animated Him, when bravely lost;

D

Seeming

Seeming some Martial Deity to his foe,
 'Cause they had fear enough to make Him so:
 They that fled stronger, than Hee took the field,
 Worse Cowards when they fight, than when they yield:
 Like timorous Hare-Knights, at each shot they start,
 Or Rome's fam'd Ow, of metal vord, and heart.

But this stout Champion triumph't in his fall,
 And when Hee was most conquer'd, conquer'd all,
 As lofty Castles, when they sink, dilare
 The ruine round about, and scatter fate.

Nay his loss routed, whilst his Army thriv'd
 Heirs to fresh Spirit through his death deriv'd:
 Which by a Transmigration, as it ran
 In one before, dwell't then in every man.

His Ancestours' our Norman King ally'd,
 Who fought belowe Covictors by his side,
 Him from above their glory saw, and shame;
 They living won, his Carcass overcame:

Which, that it self a plain reward might have,
 Obscured a posthume Earldom in the grave.

Contra tell, yet all his Dignity
 With Himself: but whilst our Offering dies,
 His Of-spring here growe Peers, Hee in the Skys.

Henry Birdbrad.

THE CLOSE

Thus slain thy Valiant Ancestor did lie,
 When His One Bark a Navy did belee,
 When now encompass'd round, He Victor stood,
 And bath'd His Pinnace in his Conquering Blood:
 Till all His Purple Current dry'd, and spent,
 He fell, and made the Waves his Monument:
 Where shall thy best famous Grandfather stand,
 Thy Grandfather fills the Seas, and Thou the Land.

John I. Evelyn.

*His Majesty's Letter to Sir Bevil Granvill, after the great
Victory Obtained over the Rebels, at the Battle of Stratton.*

*To Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Sir Bevil Granvill,
at Our Army in Cornwall.*

CHARLES R.

Right Trusty and Well-beloved, Wee greet you Well.
Wee have seen your Letter as *Endymion Pons* Our
Servant. But your whole Conduct of Our Affairs is the
Wee, doth speak your Zeal to Our Service and the Pub-
lick Good in so full a Manner, as Wee Rest abundantly
satisfy'd with the Testimony thereof. Your Labours and
your Expences Wee are graciously Sensible of: And
Our Royal Care hath been to ease you in all that Wee
could. What hath fallen short of Our Princely Purposes,
and your Expectations, Wee know you will attribute to
the great malignity of the Rebellion Wee had, and have
here to wrestle withall: And Wee know well, how
effectuall a diversion of that mischievous strength you
have made from us at your own great hazards. Wee
assure you Wee have all tender sence of the hardships you
have endured, and the State wherein you stand: Wee
shall not fail to procure you what speedy relief may be:
In the mean space Wee send you Our most hearty Thanks
for some encouragement, and assurances in the Word of a
Gracious Prince, that (God enabling Us) Wee shall fore-
fect upon your faithfull Services, as you and yours shall
have cause to acknowledge Our Bounty and Favour:
And so Wee bid you hearty farewell. *Given at Our
Court in Oxford the 24th of March, 1647.*

1647

D 2

His

*His Majesties Gracious Letter to the County of Cornwall, after
the Death of Sir Bevil Cornwall, and the brave and eminent
Persons Slain in his Majesties Service, Namely, Arundall,
Mordaunt, Slanning, Trevanion, Godolphin, &c.*
CHARLES R.

WE are so highly sensible of the extraordinary Merit
of Our County of Cornwall, of their Zeal for the De-
fence of Our Person, and the Just Rights of Our Crown,
(in a time, when We could contribute so little to Our
Own Defence, or to their Assistance, in a time, when
not only no Reward appeared, but great and probable
Dangers were threatned to Obedience and Loyalty,) of
their great and eminent Courage and Patience in their in-
defatigable Prosecution of their great Work against so
potent an Enemy, backed with so Strong, Rich, and Po-
tulous Cities, and so plentifully furnished and supplied
with Men, Arms, Money, Ammunition, and Provision
of all kinds; and of the wonderfull success, with which
it hath pleased Almighty God, though with the loss of
some most eminent Persons, who shall never be forgotten
by Us, to reward their Loyalty and Patience by many
strange Victories over their and Our Enemies, in despite
of all humane probability, and all imaginable disadvan-
tages. That as We cannot be forgetfull of so great De-
serts, so We cannot but desire to publish to all the World,
and perpetuate to all Time, the Memory of these their
Merits, and of Our Acceptance of the same. And to that
end, We do hereby render Our Royal Thanks to that Our
County, in the most Publick and most Lasting manner
We can devise, Commanding Copies hereof to be
Printed and Published; and one of them to be read in
every Church and Chappel therein, and to be kept
for ever as a Record in the same, That as long as the
History

(297)

History of these Times, and of this Nation, shall con-
tinue, the memory of how much that County hath
merited from Us and Our Crown, may be derived by
it to Posterity. *Given at Our Camp at SUDDELEY*
Castle the Tenth of September. 1643.

The Gracious Patens of his Majesty King Charles the First
at the County of Cornwall.

CHARLES By the Grace of God King of *England*,
Scotland, France, and Ireland; Defender of the Faith,
&c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting,
Know Ye, that Wee out of Our Princely Contemplation of
of the many and extraordinary faithfull Services to Us of
late performed, by Our County of *Cornwall*, And for their
better Incouragement to proceed in their Duty and Alle-
geance to Our Person, and Crown of *England*, and for di-
vers other Good Causes and Considerations Us thereunto
especially moving, *Have* out of Our Special Grace, certain
Knowledge, and meer Motion, *Given* and *Granted*, and
by these Presents, for Us Our Heirs and Successors, do
Give and Grant unto all and every the Men and Inhabi-
tants, Our Leige Subjects of Our Kingdom of *England*,
within the said County of *Cornwall*, now being, or here-
after to be; That they and every of them by themselves
or any of them, their or any of their Factors, Agents, or
Servants, shall and may have Liberty and Freedom from
time to time, and at all times for ever hereafter, to Trade,
Traffick, and Commerce with their Ships and other Ves-
sels, and their Goods and Merchandize unto and from the
Havens, Towns, and all Ports and Places, within the Do-
minion of the King of *Denmarke*, and Great Duke of *Muscovy*.
And all Ports and places within the *Levan Seas*.
And unto all and from all and every of them whilst respe-
ctively

Prively they, or any of them, are or shall be in Amity
 with Us, Our Heirs or Successors, whether the Merchants
 of Our *East Land, Russia, & Turkey* Companies of *London*, &
 the Merchants of the Company of Merchant-Adventurers
 of *London*, or of any, or either of them, do, or may Trade,
 and into and from all other Ports and places whatsoever
 beyond the Seas, for the time being in Amity, with Us,
 Our Heirs and Successors; whether any of the Subjects
 for the time being of Us, Our Heirs and Successors, for
 such time or times, do or may Trade, Traffick, or Com-
 merce, in as full, ample, and beneficial manner, as *Wee*
Can grant the same; Saving always to Us, Our Heirs
 and Successors from the said Men and Inhabitants of Our
 said County of *Cornwall*, their Factors and Agents to be
 duly paid unto Us, Our Heirs, and Successors, to Our and
 their Use, All such Customs and other Duties and Pay-
 ments upon, and for their Merchandizes and Goods to be
 Exported and Imported, as shall from time to time become
 due and payable to Us, Our Heirs and Successors in that
 respect. Likewise saving all Rights, Duties, or Payments
 any way belonging too or in respect of the Duchy of
Cornwall; Yielding and Paying thereof unto Us, Our
 Heirs and Successors the Sum of Four Shillings of Law-
 full English Money, to be paid unto the hands of the
 Sheriff of the County of *Cornwall*, at the Feast of *All Saints*
 Yearly: And hereby for Us, Our Heirs and Successors,
 Willing and Commanding; that all the Officers and every
 the Ministers of what Nature, Condition, or Degree so-
 ever, and all other the Subjects of Us, Our Heirs and
 Successors whom these shall or may any ways concern,
 to take Special notice to all intents and purposes as they
 and every of them shall respectively answer the contrary
 at their perills. And *Wee* do hereby for Us, Our Heirs
 and Successors, further Promise and Grant, unto the
 afore said

aforesaid Men and Inhabitants of our said County of
Cornwall as well present as to come: that if, and as often as
 any doubts or questions shall happen to arise for touching,
 or concerning, the Validity of these Our Letters-Patents;
 That then, and so often upon the Humble Petition of the
 foresaid Men & Inhabitants of Our said County of *Cornwall*
 to Us, Our Heirs, & Successors, exhibited, or upon Notice
 or Certificate to Us, Our Heirs, and Successors, by the
 Learned of Council, of the aforesaid Men and Inhabitants
 of Our said County of *Cornwall*, touching any Defect re-
 quisite to be Amended; Wee, Our Heirs, and Successors,
 will Graciously Grant Other Letters-Patents unto the said
 Men and Inhabitants of Our said County of *Cornwall*, with
 such and so many Amendments, Explications, Amplifica-
 tions, and Additions, as by the said Council of the afore-
 said Men and Inhabitants of Our said County of *Cornwall*
 shall beadvised, and thought fit; And which any way
 may tend to the Confirmation of These Our Letters-Pa-
 tents, or to the Perfection of Our Intention before, in
 these Presents, any way appearing. And Wee further Will,
 And by these Presents for Us, Our Heirs, and Successors,
 do Grant unto the aforesaid Men and Inhabitants of Our
 said County of *Cornwall*, as well Present as to Come, that
 these Our Letters Patents, or the Inrolment thereof shall
 be in all things Firm, Valid, Good, and Sufficient, and
 Effectual, in the Law, against Us, Our Heirs, and Successors,
 as well in all Courts as elsewhere, within Our
 Kingdom of *England*, without any Confirmation, Licence,
 or Toleration, from Us, Our Heirs, or Successors, any
 way hereafter to be procured or obtained: *Notwith-*
standing the not finding of Office, or Offices, Inquisition,
 or Inquisitions, by which Our Title, in the aforesaid
 ought to be found, before the making of these Our Letters-
 Patents. And *Notwithstanding* that the aforesaid Men
 and

& Inhabitants of Our County of *Cornwall*, in Constitution of Law be not reputed a Corporation or Body-Politic, nor Capable in Law to hold the Priviledge of these Presents Granted; any Statute, Act, Ordinance, Proclam^r or Provision heretofore Had, Made, Enacted, Ordained, or Provided, or any other Thing, Cause or Matter soever to the Contrary hereof, in any wise Notwithstanding. In Witness whereof Wee have caused these our Letters to be made Patents, Witness Our self at *Oxford* the Twenty Sixth day of *January* in the Nineteenth Year of Our Reign.

Per bre^e de Privato Sigillo.

A True Account of His Majesties Particular Grace and Favour to the Loyal Towns & Burroughs within the Dutchy of Cornwall, by the Mediation of the Right Honourable John Earl of Bath, Lord Lieutenant & High Steward of the said Dutchy, and Lord-Warden of the Stanneries, &c.

Whitehall, December 12. 1684.

THe Right Honourable the Earl of Bath being lately at His Government of *Plymouth*, to Settle by His Majesties Command the Affairs of that Garison, and the Militia of *Cornwall* under His Lieutenantcy, the several Towns and Burroughs within the Dutchy of *Cornwall*, who had Unanimously and with great Cheerfulness resolved to Surrender their Charters and Franchises to His Majesty, made their Applications to His Lordship as their Lieutenant, to Intercede with His Majesty, that they might, by reason of the great distance, be excused from their Personal Attendance with their Surrenders and Charters. To which His Majesty being pleased to Condescend, the said Corporations delivered their Surrenders

(13)

to His Lordship for His Majesties Use, humbly praying Him to lay them at His Majesties Feet: Which His Lordship at His return hither having done accordingly, with a Petition on their behalf, His Majesty was pleased Graciously to accept of them, and to Command His Lordship to assure the said Corporations, That He very well remembered the Duty and Loyalty of that County in the worst Times of Rebellion: and was well pleased with this fresh Demonstration of it by them.

Which above-mentioned Signification of His Majesties Pleasure, was by His Majesties Command Ordered to be Printed in the Gazette, and which was done accordingly.

To the Kings Most Excellent Majesty.

The Humble Petition of John Earl of Bath, Your Majesties Lieutenant of Cornwall, and Lord Warden of Your Majesties Stanneries, &c.

Sheweth,

THAT the Mayors and Burgesses of the several Towns and Burroughs within Your Majesties Duchy of Cornwall, against whom Writs of Quo Warranto were lately Issued, have Unanimously with great Chearfulness, and some Emulation who should be most forward, (excepting only one small considerable Burrough) expressed an entire Submission and Deference to Your Royal Pleasure: and have Desired and Entrusted Your Petitioner to lay the respective Surrenders of their Franchises and Privileges, and the Charters by which they claim the same, with their Customs and Prescriptions, at Your Majesties Royal Feet: Humbly beseeching Your Majesty to Grant, and Confirm their ancient Franchises and Privileges, with such Additions, Alterations, and Reservations as Your Majesty in Your Great and Royal Wisdom shall think fit.

they

E

The

The great Reverence of the great Person of the said Duke
 of Cornwall, and the great Loyalty and Sufferings of them all, and of
 all Cornwall in general, with the great distance of their Habita-
 tions from Your Royal Palace, moves Your said Petitioner Con-
 fidence most humbly to pray in their Behalfs, That Your Majesty
 will be Graciously pleased to excuse their Personal Attendance
 with their said Surrenders and Charters, and to receive them
 from the Hands of Your said Petitioner; and that their sever-
 al and respective new Charters may pass the Great Seal, and
 other Officers without Fees, or other Charges: Which Royal
 Bounty will greatly Encourage Them, and all Your Majesties
 other Loyal Subjects within Your said Duchy, in that Duty
 and Loyalty which they on this Occasion, as their Ancestors
 with most of their Countrymen in the worst Times of Re-
 bellion, to the ruine of their Estates, and loss of their nearest
 and dearest Relations, have according to their Duty most
 readily and faithfully expressed.

And Your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.

By THE
 Unto which said Petition, His Majesty was Pleased to return
 this Gracious Answer following, by the Right Honourable
 the Earl of Sunderland, His Majesties Prin-
 cipal Secretary of State.

Whereas the several Towns and Burroughs within
 the Counties of Cornwall and Devon, mentioned
 in the List hereunto annexed, have voluntarily surren-
 dred unto His Majesty by the Hands of the Right Honour-
 able the Earl of Bath, their Lord Lieutenant, all their
 Charters, with their Franchises and Priviledges, which
 they

they hold either by Antient Custom, Prescription or otherwise, humbly beseeching His Majesty to Regrant them new Charters, with such Alterations, Additions and Reservations as His Majesty shall think fit: His Majesty having taken the same into His Consideration, and also the humble Petition of the said Earl of *Babe*, representing the many Eminent and Signal Services, Loyalty and great Sufferings of the said Towns and Country, in general, during the worst Times of Rebellion, which His Majesty himself well remembers, and being therefore Graciously pleased to accept of the said Surrenders from the Hands of the said Earl, excusing their Personal Attendance, His Majesty is pleased to Command Me to signify His Pleasure, That the several New Charters which shall be Granted to the said Towns and Barrouges, pass the respective Offices and Seals without Paying Fees; Whereof all Persons whom it may concern are to take Notice.

Given at the Court at Whitehall, the 10th Day of December, 1684.

Sunderland.

DEVONSHIRE

James
Tuckwell
Bible
Becaul

W. B. B.
W. B. B.
W. B. B.

*A List of the General Surrender of the Towns and Burroughs
within the County of Cornwall, presented to His Majesty
by the Right Honourable the Earl of Bath.*

CORNWALL.

L Anceston.
Truro.
Lostwithial.
Bodman.
Liscard.
Penryn by the Mayor and
Magistrates.
Penryn by the Portreave
and Burgesses.
Metchell alias Midsboll, by
Sir John Arundell, Lord
of the Mannor.
Metchell alias Midsboll, by
the Mayor, Portreave
and Burgesses.
St. Ives by the Mayor, Por-
treave and Burgesses.
St. Mawes by Sir Joseph
Tredinham, Lord of the
Mannor.

St. Mawes by the Mayor
and Burgesses.
Callington by Samuel Rolle
Esq; Lord of the Mannor.
Callington by the Mayor,
Portreave and Burgesses.
Foy by the Mayor, Por-
treave and Burgesses.
Grampond.
Tregony.
East Loc.
West Loc.
Camelford.
Bosling alias Tinsagell.
St. Germans by Mr. Elliot
Lord of the Mannor.
St. Germans by the Por-
treave and Burgesses.
Helfton } Surrendered before, and
New Charters accord-
ing to His Majesties
present Regulation.
Salisbury }

DEVONSHIRE.

P Lynmouth.
Ashburton.
Bideford.
Bradninch.

Plymouth } Surrendered before, &
New Charters accord-
ing to his Majesties
present Regulation.
Tavestock }

Barb.
Beaufe

(32)

REPORT of the Truth of the Fight, and the Loss of
Azores, the 21st of August 1591. Between the Revenge,
One of her Majesties Ships Commanded by Sir Richard
Grenvill, commonly called Grenvill, Vice Admiral,
and an Armada of the King of Spain; Fought by the
Honourable Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight.

BEcause the Rumours are diversly spread, as well in
England, as in the Low Countries, and elsewhere,
of this late encounter between her Majesties Ships
and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards, accord-
ing to their usuall manner, fill the world with their vain-
glorious vanity, making great appearance of victories,
when on the contrary, themselves are most commonly
and shamefully beaten and dishonoured; thereby hoping
to possess the ignorant multitude by anticipating & fore-
running false reports. It is agreeable with all good rea-
son, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood
and ignorance; that the beginning, continuance and Suc-
cess of this late Honourable Encounter of Sir Richard Gren-
vill, and other her Majesties Captains, with the Armada
of Spain, should be truly set down, and published with-
out partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel,
that they should seek by false and Slanderous
Rumours, and Letters and Letters, to cover their own loss,
and to derogate from others their due Honour, especial-
ly in this Fight, being performed far off; seeing they
were so much ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed
the Invasion of this Land, to publish in Sundry Language
of daunt, great victories in words, which they plead-
ed to have obtained against this Realm, and tread the
same.

same is a most false sort over all parts of *France, Italy, and* elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily manifested in very deed to all Nations, how their Navy which they termed invincible, consisting of 140 Sail of Ships, not only of their own Kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest *Argosies, Portugal Caracks, Florentines, &* huge hulks of other Countrys, were by 30. of her Majesties Ships of War, and a few of our own Merchants, by the Wife, Valiant, and advantageous Conduct of the Lord *Charles Howard, High-Admirall of England*, beaten and shuffled together; even from the *Lizard in Cornwall*, first to *Portland*, where they shamefully left *Don Pedro de Kaldas*, with his mighty Ship; from *Portland* to *Cales* where they lost *Flojo de Mincado*, with the *Gallias*, of which he was Captain, & from *Cales* driven with Squibs from their Anchors, were chased out of the sight of *England*, round about *Scotland and Ireland*. Where for the Sympathy of their barbarous Religion, hoping to find Succour and assistance, a great part of them were crusht against the Rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were notwithstanding broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from Village to Village coupled in halters, to be shipped into *England*: Where her Majesty of her Princely and Invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them; they were all sent back again to their Countrys, to witness and recount the worthy Achievements of their Invincible and Dreadfull Navy: Of which the number of Souldiers, the fearfull burthen of their Ships, the Commanders names of every Squadron, with all other their Magazines of provissions, were put in Print, as an Army and Navy unrelifable, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their Sailing round about

(23)

their *England*, so much as sink of *take* one *Ship*, *Barke*, *Pinnace*, or *Cock boat* of *wood*; *Greater* *harm* so much as one *Sheep* *core* of *this* *Land*; Whereas on the contrary, *Sir Francis Drake* with only *800* *Souldiers* not long before, landed in their *Isles*, and fought *Saint Iago*, *Santa Domingo*, *Caragena*, and the fort of *Florida*. I had *relied*

And after that, *Sir John Norris* marched from *Reynolds* in *Portugal*, with a handfull of *Souldiers*, to the gate of *Lisbon*, being about 40 *English* *miles*. Where the *Earl of Essex* himself, and other valiant *Gentlemen* braved the *City of Lisbon*, encamped at the very gate; from whence, after many days abode, finding neither promised party, nor provision to batter; they made retreat by Land, in despite of all their *Garrisons*, both of *Horse* and *Foot*. In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose; only by the necessary comparison of theirs and our actions. The one covetous of honour without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs, and by false Rumors to resist the blast of their own dishonour; as they will not only not blush to spread all manner of *Untruths*, but even for the least advantage, be in but for the taking of one poor *Adventure* of the *English*, will celebrate the *Victory* with *Bombes* in every *Town*, always spending more in *Paggons*, then the purchase was worth they obtained. Which as we never thought it worth the consumption of two *Hillens*, when as *thirteen* *Ken Eight* or *Ten* of their *Swiss* *Floers* are *vanquished*, and *Twenty* of the *Swiss* *Floers*. Such is the difference between true *Valour*, and *Ostentation*; and between *Honourable* *Actions*, and *Revolent* *Winch* *honest* *actions*. But now to return to my purpose.

The *Lord Thomas Howard* with *Six* of their *Majesties* *Ships*, *Six* *Vicuntors* of *London*, the *Earl* *Raleigh*, and two

two or three other Pinnaces, riding at Anchor near
 into *Flores*, one of the *Westerly Islands* of the *Azores*,
 the last of *August* in the afternoon, had intelligence
 by one Captain *Middleton* of the approach of the *Span-
 ish Armada*. Which *Middleton* being in a very good
 Sailer, had kept them Company three days before,
 of good purpose, both to discover their Forces the
 more, as also to give advice to my Lord *Thomas* of
 their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news
 but the Fleet was in sight: many of our Ships Com-
 pany's were on Shore in the *Island*; some providing ba-
 last for their Ships, others filling of Water, and refresh-
 ing themselves from the Land, with such things as
 they could, either for Money, or by Force recover. By
 reason whereof our Ships being all pestered, and ro-
 maging every thing out of order, very light for want
 of balast, and that which was most to our disadvan-
 tage, the one half part of the men of every Ship sick,
 and utterly unserviceable: For in the *Revenge* there
 were Ninety diseases: in the *Bonaventure*, not so many
 in health as would handle her Main-Sail. For had not
 Twenty men been taken out of a *Bark* of *Sr George Ca-
 roys*, his being commanded to be sunk, and those ap-
 pointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered *England*.
 The rest, for the most part, were in little better State.
 The Names of her Majesties Ships, were these as fol-
 loweth, the *Defiance*, which was *Admiral*, the *Revenge*
Vice-Admiral, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captain
Crosse, the *Lion* by *George Fennor*, the *Foresight* by Mr
Thomas Vavasour, and the *Crane* by *Duffild*, the *Foresight*
 and the *Crane* being but small Ships; only the other
 were of the middle size; the rest besides the *Bark Ra-
 tch*, commanded by Captain *Thin*, were *Vaquallers*,
 and of small force or none. The *Spanish Fleet* having
 throwed

(33)

throuded their approach by reason of the *Island*; were now so soon at hand, as our Ships had scarce time to weigh their Anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their Cables and set sail. Sr *Richard Granvill* was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the *Island*, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord *Thomas*, with the rest very hardly recovered the Wind; which Sr *Richard Granvill* not being able to do, was persuaded by the Master, and others, to cut his Main Sail, and cast about, and to trust to the Sailing of the Ship; for the Squadron of *Sevil* were on his Weather-Bow. But Sr *Richard* utterly refused to turn from the Enemies, alledging that he would rather choose to dye, then to dishonour himself, his Country, and her Majesties Ship, persuading his Company that he would pass through the two Squadrons, in despite of them, and enforce those of *Sevil* to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the Mariners term it, sprang their Luff, and fell under the Lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered, in so great an impossibility of Prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the mean while as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the Wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his Sails in such sort, as the Ship could neither make way, nor feel the Helm: so huge and high-carged was the *Spanish* Ship, being of a Thousand and Five Hundred Tuns, who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his Sails, the Ships that were under his lee luffing up, also laid him aboard: of which the next was the *Admiral of the Biscaina*, a very mighty and puissant Ship commanded by *Bristan-*
903
dona,

dona, the said *Philip* carried three tire of Ordinance on a side, and eleven Pieces in every tire. She shot Eight forth-right out of her Chace, besides thole of her Stern-Ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four other boarded her, two on her Larboord, and two on her Starboard. The Fight thus beginning at three of the Clock in the Afternoon, continued very terrible all that Evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the Lower Tire of the *Revenge*, Discharged with Cross-bar Shot, Shifted her self with all diligence from her sides, utterly mistaking her first entertainment. Some say that the Ship Foundred, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish Ships were filled with Companys of Souldiers, in some Two Hundred, besides the Mariners, in some Five, in others Eight Hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the Mariners but the Servants of the Commanders, and some few Voluntary Gentlemen only. After many enterchanged Vollies of Great Ordinance and Small Shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the Multitudes of their Armed Souldiers and Musketeers, but were still repulled again and again, and at all times beaten back, into their own Ships, or into the Seas. In the beginning of the Fight, the *George Noble of London*, having received some Shot thorow her by the *Armadilla*, fell under the Lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sr *Richard* what he would Command him, being but one of the Victualers and of small force: Sr *Richard* bid him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the Fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the Day lasted, and some hours of the Night, many of our Men were slain and hurt, and one of the

(33)

the great Gallions of the *Armada*, and the Admiral of the Hulks both Sunk, and in many other of the *Spanish Ships* great Slaughter was made. Some write that Sir *Richard* was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the Fight, and lay Speechless for a time ere he Recovered; But two of the *Revenge's* own company, brought home in a Ship of *Lime* from the *Islands*, Examined by some of the Lords, and Others, affirmed that he was never so Wounded as that he forsook the Upper Deck, till an hour before Midnight; and then being shot into the Body with a Musket, as he was a dressing, was again shot into the Head, and withall, his Chirurgion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an Examination taken by Sr *Francis Godolphin*, of four other Mariners of the same Ship being returned, which Examination, the said Sr *Francis* sent unto Master *William Killeborne*, of her Majesties Privy Chamber.

But to return to the Fight, The *Spanish Ships* which attempted to boord the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so allways others came in their places, she having never less then two mighty Gallions by by her sides, and aboard her: So that ere the Morning, from Three of the Clock the day before, there had Fifteen severall *Armadas* assailed her, and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day, far more willing to hearken to a Composition, then hastily to make any more Assaults or Entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in fight but enemies, saving one small Ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Jacob Whiddon*, who hovered all night to see the Success: but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a Hare.

mouſt many ravenous Hounds, but eſcaped.

All the Powder of the *Revenge* to the laſt Barrell was now ſpent, all her Pikes broken, Forty of her beſt men ſlain, and the moſt part of the reſt hurt. In the beginning of the Fight ſhe had but one hundred free from Sickneſs, and fourſcore and ten Sick, laid in Hold upon the Ballaſt. A ſmall Troup to man ſuch a Ship, and a weak Garrifon to reſiſt ſo mighty an Army. By thoſe hundred all was ſuſtained, the volleys, boardings, and entrings of fifteen Ships of War, beſides thoſe which beat her at large. On the contrary, the *Spaniſh* were always ſupplied with Souldiers brought from every Squadron: all manner of Arms and Powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no ſupply either of Ships, Men, or Weapons; the Maſters all beaten over-board, all her tackle cut aſunder, her upper work altogether raſed, and in effect evened ſhe was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a Ship, nothing being left over-head either for flight or defence. Sir *Richard* finding himſelf in this diſtreſs, and unable any longer to make reſiſtance, having endured in this fifteen hours Fight, the Aſſault of fifteen ſeverall *Armadas*, all by turns aboard him, and by eſtimation eight hundred Shot of great Artillery, beſides many Aſſaults and Entries; and that Himſelf and the Ship muſt needs be poſſeſſed by the Enemy, who were now all caſt in a ring round about him (the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as ſhe was moved with the waves and billow of the Sea) commanded the *Maſter Gunner*, whom he knew to be a moſt reſolute man, to ſplit and ſink the Ship, that thereby nothing might remain of Glory or Victory to the *Spaniards*: Seeing in ſo many hours fight, and with ſo great a Navy they were
not

(37)

not able to take her, having had Fifteen hours time, above ten Thousand Men, and Fifty and three Sail of Men of War to perform it *The Spanish 53. Sail* withall: and perswaded the Company, or as many as hee could induce, to yeild themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like Valiant Resolute Men, repulsed so many Enemies, they should not now shorten the Honour of their Nation, by prolonging their own Lives for a few Hours, or a few Days. The *Master Gunner* readily defended and divers others; but the *Captain* and the *Master* were of another opinion, and besought *Sr Richard* to have care of them; alledging that the *Spaniards* would be as ready to entertain a Composition, as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being divers sufficient and Valiant Men yet living, and whose Wounds were not Mortall, they might do their Country and Prince acceptable Service hereafter. And whereas, *Sir Richard* had alledged that the *Spaniards* should never Glory to have taken one Ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves; they answered, that the Ship had Six-foot Water in hold, Three shot under Water, which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the Sea, she must needs Sink, and was besides so Crusht and Bruised, as she could never be removed out of the Place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and *Sr Richard* refusing to hearken to any of those reasons; the *Master* of the *Revenge* (while the *Captain* wan unto him the greater Party) was conveyed aboard the General *Don Alphonso Bixan*. Who (finding none over-hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting least *Sr Richard* would have Blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the Report of the *Master* of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition.)

disposition) yielded that all their Lives should be saved, the Company sent for *England*, and the better sort to pay such reasonable Ransom as their Estate would bear, and in the mean Season to be free from *Gally*, or *Imprisonment*. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves; as also for the desire he had to recover Sir *Richard Granvill*, whom for his notable Valour he seemed greatly to Honour and Admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of Life was promised, the Common sort being now at the end of their Perill, the most drew back from Sir *Richard*, and the *Master Gunner*; being no hard matter to dissuade men from Death to Life. The *Master Gunner* finding himself and Sir *Richard* thus prevented and Mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a Sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his Cabbin. Then the Generall sent many Boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir *Richards* disposition, Stole away aboard the General and other Ships; Sir *Richard* thus over-marched was sent unto by *Alfonso Bazan* to remove out of the *Revenge*, the Ship being Marvellous unfavoury, filled with Blood and Bodies of Dead, and Wounded men like a Slaughter-house. Sir *Richard* answered, that he might do with his Body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the Ship he Sounded, and Reviving again desired the Company to pray for him. The General used Sir *Richard* with all Humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his Recovery, highly commending his Valour and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a Rare Spectacle, and a Resolution seldom approved, to see one Ship turn towards

so

(19)

Smothering Enemies, to endure the charge and boordings of so many huge Armadas, and so to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many Soldiers. All which, and more is confirmed by a Spanish Captain of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the Rest in a Storm, was by the *Lion of London*, a small Ship, taken, & is now Prisoner in London.

The General Commander of the Armada, was Don Alphonso Bazan, Brother to the Marquess of Santa Cruz. The Admiral of the *Biscaine Squadron*, was Britandona, of the Squadron of *Sevil* the Marquess of Aramburch. The *Hulks* and *Flyboats* were Commanded by Luis Continbo. There were Slain and Drowned in this fight, well near One Thousand of the Enemies, and Two special Commanders Don Luis de Sant Fohn, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admiral of the *Hulks* and the *Ascension of Sevil* were both Sunk by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the Rode of *Saint Michael*, and sunk also there; a fourth ran her self with the Shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the Second or Third day aboard the General, & was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the Sea or on the Land we know not: the comfort that remaineth to his Friends is, that he hath ended his Life honourably, in respect of the reputation won to his Nation and Country, and of the fame to his Posterity, and that being dead, he hath not out-lived his own honour.

For the rest of her Majesties Ships that entered not so far into the Fight as the *Revenge*, the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all whereof

whereof two but small Ships; the *Revenge* ingaged past recovery: The *Island of Flores* was on the one side, 53 Sail of the *Spanish*, divided into Squadrons on the other, all as full filled with Souldiers as they could contain: Almost the one half of our men sick and not able to serve: The Ships grown foul, unromaged, and scarcely able to bear any Sail for want of Ballast, having been six months at the Sea before. If all the rest had entred, all had been lost: for the very hugeness of the *Spanish* Fleet, if no other Violence had been offered, would have crusht them between them into Shivers. Of which the dishonour and loss to the Queen had been far greater then the spoil or harm that the Enemy could any way have received. Notwithstanding it is very true, that the Lord *Thomas* would have entred between the Squadrons, but the rest would not condescend, and the Master of his own Ship offered to leap into the Sea, rather then to conduct that her Majesties Ship, and the rest, to be a prey to the Enemy, where there was no hope nor Possibility either of Defence or Victory. Which also in my opinion had ill sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a General, to commit himself and his charge to an assured destruction, without hope, or any likelyhood of prevailing; thereby to diminish the Strength of her Majesties Navy, and to enrich the pride and glory of the Enemy. The *Forefight* of the Queens commanded by Mr *Thomas Waviser* performed a very great Fight, and staid two hours as near the *Revenge* as the Weather would permit him, not forsaking the Fight, till he was like to be encompassed by the Squadrons, and with great difficulty cleared himself. The rest gave divers volleys of Shot, and entred as far as the place permitted, and their own necessities, to keep the weather-
gale

(42.)

page of the Enemy, until they were parted by night.
 A few days after the Fight was ended, and the English
 Prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indian Ships,
 there arose to great a Storm from the West and North-
 West, that all the Fleet was dispersed, as well the Indian
 Fleet, which were then come unto them, as the rest of
 the Armada that attended their arrival, of which 14
 Sail, together with the *Revenge* and in her 200 Spaniards,
 were cast away upon the Isle of St. Michael. So it pleased
 them to honour the burial of that renowned Ship the
Revenge, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great
 honour she achieved in her life time. On the West of
 the Islands there were cast away in this Storm 15 or
 16 more of the Ships of War, and of an hun-
 dred and odd Sail of the Indian Fleet, expected this
 year in Spain: What in this Tempest, and what before
 in the Bay of Mexico, and about the *Bermudas*, there
 were 70 and odd consumed and lost, with those tak-
 en by our Ships of London, besides one very rich In-
 dian Ship, which set her self on fire, being boarded
 by the *Pilgrim*, and five other taken by Master Wats
 his Ship of London, between the *Havana* and Cape
S. Antonio. The fourth of this Month of November we
 received Letters from the *Tercera*, affirming that there
 are 3000 bodies of men remaining in that Island, saved
 out of the perished Ships, and that by the Spaniards
 own confession, there are 10000 cast away in this
 Storm, besides those that are perished between the Islands
 and the Main. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for
 us, and to defend the Justice of our Cause, against
 the ambitious and bloody pretences of the Spaniards,
 who seeking to devour all Nations, are themselves
 devoured. A manifest testimony how unjust and dis-
 pleasing, their attempts are in the sight of God, who

G

hath

hitherto pleaded to themselves by the flattery of their Princes
 his dislike of their bloody and infernal designs, pur-
 posed and practised against all Christian Princes, over
 whom they seek unlawfull and ungodly Rule and
 Empery. Now as before this Wrack happened to the
 Spanish Fleet, when as some of our Prisoners desired
 to be set on shore upon the Islands, hoping to be from
 thence transported into England, which liberty was
 formerly by the General promised. One *Morice Pitt*
John, Son of Old *John of Desmond*, a notable Tray-
 tor, Cousin German to the late Earl of *Desmond*, was
 sent to the English from Ship to Ship, to persuade
 them to serve the King of Spain, the arguments he u-
 sed to induce them were these. The increase of Pay
 which he promised to be treated as an advancement to the
 better sort, and the exercise of the True Catholique
 Religion, and safety of their Souls to an. For the first,
 even the beggerly and unnatural behaviour of those
 English and Irish Rebels, that served the King in this
 present action, was sufficient to answer what sort of
 gratitude of rich Pay, for so poor and beggerly they
 were, as for want of Apparel they stripped their poor
 Country men Prisoners out of their ragged Garments
 worth to nothing by his Masters service, and spared
 not to despoil them even of their bloody Shirts, from
 their wounded bodies, and the very Shoes from their
 feet. A notable testimony of their rich entertainment
 and great Wages. The second reason was hope of ad-
 vancement if they served well, and would continue
 faithful to the King. But what man can be so block-
 ishly ignorant ever to expect place or Honour from
 a foreign King, having no other argument or peti-
 tion

(43)

Then his own disloyalty to be unnatural to his
 own Country that bred him to his Parents that be-
 gat him; and rebellious to his true Prince to whose
 obedience he is bound by Oath, by Nature, and by
 Religion: No, they are only assured to be employed
 in all desperate enterprises, to be held in scorn and
 disdain ever among those whom they serve. And that
 even Traitor was either trusted or advanced I could
 never yet reader, neither can I at this time remember
 any example. And no man could have less become
 the place of an Orator for such a purpose; then this
Maire of De Mont. For the Earl his Cousin being one
 of the greatest Subjects in that Kingdom of *Leinster*
 having almost whole Counties in his possession; many
 goodly Mannors, Castles, and Lordships; the Count
 Ralston of *Kerry* five hundred Gentlemen of his own
 name and family to follow him besides others; all
 which he possessed in power for three or four hundred
 years; was in less then three years after his adhering
 to the *Spanier* and Rebellion, beaten from all his
 holds, not so many as ten Gentlemen of his name left
 living, himself taken and beheaded by a Souldier of
 his own Nation; and his Land given by a Parliament
 to her Majesty and possessed by the *Irish*. His
 that Cousin Sir *John of De Mont* taken by Master *Kohn*
Zouch, and his body hanged over the Gates of his na-
 tive City to be devoured by Ravens; the third Bro-
 ther Sir *James* hanged drawn, and quartered in the
 same place. If he had withall vaunted of his success
 of his own house, no doubt the Argument would have
 moved much, and wrought great effect; which be-
 cause he for that present forgot, I thought it good to
 mention in his behalf. For matters of Religion would
 things were sufficient to be seen and heard.

(44)
require a particular Volume, if I should set down how
irreligiously they cover their greedy and ambitious pre-
ferences, with that veil of Piety. But sure I am, that there
is no Kingdom or Common wealth in all Europe, but if
they be reformed, they then invade it for Religion sake,
if it be, as they term Catholique, they pretend Title, as
if the Kings of *Castile* were the naturall heirs of all the
world: and so between both, no Kingdom is unsought.
Where they dare not with their own forces to invade,
they basely entertain the Traytors and Vagabonds of all
Nations, seeking by those and by their runnagate *Jesuits*
to win parts, and have by that means ruined many noble
Houses & others in this Land, & have extinguished both
their Lives and Families. What good, honour, or fortune
ever Man yet by them atchieved, is yet unheard of, or un-
written. And if our *English* Papists do but look into *Portu-
gal*, against which they have no pretence of Religion, how
the Nobility are put to death, imprisoned, their rich men
made a Prey, & all sorts of People Captiv'd; they shall
find that the Obedience even of the *Turks* is easy and a Li-
berty, in respect of the Slavery and Tyranny of *Spain*.
What have they done in *Sicily*, in *Naples*, *Milaine*,
and in the Low Countries, who hath there been spared
for Religion at all? And it cometh to my remembrance
of a certain Burger of *Amsterd.*, whose House being
sacked by a Company of *Spanish* Soldiers, when they
first sacked the City, he besought them to spare him
and his Goods, being a good Catholique, and one of
their own Party and Faction. The *Spaniards* answered,
that they knew him to be of a good Conscience for
himself; but his Money, Plate, Jewels, and Goods,
were all Heretical, and therefore good pray. So they
abused and tormented the Foolish *Spaniard*, who hoped
that an *Agnus Dei* had been a sufficient target against
all

(645)

all force of that Holy and Charitable Nation. Neither have they at any time as they protest, invaded the Kingdoms of the *Indies* and *Perry*, and elsewhere, but only led them unto, rather to reduce the People to Christianity, then for either Gold or Empery; whereas in one only Island called *Hispaniola*, they have Wasted Thirty Hundred Thousand of the Naturall People, besides many Millions else in other places of the *Indies*. A poor and harmless people Created of God, and might have been wonn to his knowledge, as many of them were; and almost as many as ever were persuaded thereunto: The Story whereof is at large, Written by a Bishop of their own Nation, called *Bartolomew de las Casas*, and Translated into *English*, and many other Languages, intituled, *The Spanish Cruelties*. Who would therefore repose trust in such a Nation of Ravenous Strangers, and especially in those *Spaniards*, which more greedily thirst after English Blood, then after the lives of any other people of *Europe*, for the many overthrows and Dishonours they have received at our hands, whose Weakness we have discovered to the World, and whose forces at home, abroad, in *Europe*, in *India*, by Sea and Land, we have even with handfulls of men and Ships, Overthrown and Dishonoured. Let not therefore any *Englishman*, of what Religion soever, have other opinion of the *Spaniards*, but that those whom he seeketh to winn of our Nation, he esteemeth base and Traiterous, unworthy persons, or unconstant fools; and that he useth his pretence of Religion, for no other purpose but to bewitch us from the Obedience of our Naturall Prince; thereby hoping in time to bring us to Slavery and Subjection, and then none shall be unto them so odious, and disdained as the Traytors themselves, who have sold their Coun-
tries

they to a Stranger, and forsaken their faith and Ob-
 dience contrary to Nature and Religion; and con-
 trary to that humane and generall honour, not only
 of Christians, but of Heathen and Irreligious Nations,
 who have always sustained what labour, toever, and em-
 braced even Death it self, for their Country, Prince, or
 Common wealth. To conclude, it hath ever and this day
 pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break
 the purposes of Malicious Enemies, of forsworn Tray-
 tors, and of unjust Practices and Invasions. She hath
 ever been Honoured of the Worthiest Kings, Served
 by faithfull Subjects, and shall by the favours of God,
 Resist, Repell and Confound all whatsoever attempts
 against her Sacred Person or Kingdom. In the mean
 time, Let the *Spaniards* and Traytor vaunt of their
 Success, and we her true and obedient Vassals, guided
 by the shining light of of her Virtues, shall always
 love her, serve her, and obey her to the End of our
 Lives.

as the Traytors themselves who have sold their Coun-
 in time to bring us to Slavery and Subjection, and
 Religion, for no other purpose but to bring us to
 inconsistent today; and that he still the presence of
 themselves but and numerous unworthy persons, or
 those whom he looked to win of our Nation, he
 loves, like other opinion of the country, but that
 for not-theres and Advantages of what Religion
 ture of men and things, Overthrow and destroyed
 in what, by Sea and Land, we have even with hand-
 vould, and whole towns and Kingdoms, in a day,
 hands, which we have destroyed, and now
 condition, and Kingdoms, and towns, and
 the lives of any other people of Europe.

(49)

His Majesties Royall Warrant to the ~~Earl of Essex~~
then Sr. John Granvill, at Brussels, immediately
before his Restoration.

CHARLES R.

IN consideration of the many Services done by our
Right Trusty and Well beloved Servant Sr. John Gran-
vill (one of the Gentlemen of our Bed-Chamber) and his
Father, the most Valiant and Loyal Sir Bevil Granvill
who most Honourably lost his Life in the Battle of Marston
down, in the Defense and Service of the Crown, against
the Rebels, after he had performed many other great and
signal Services.

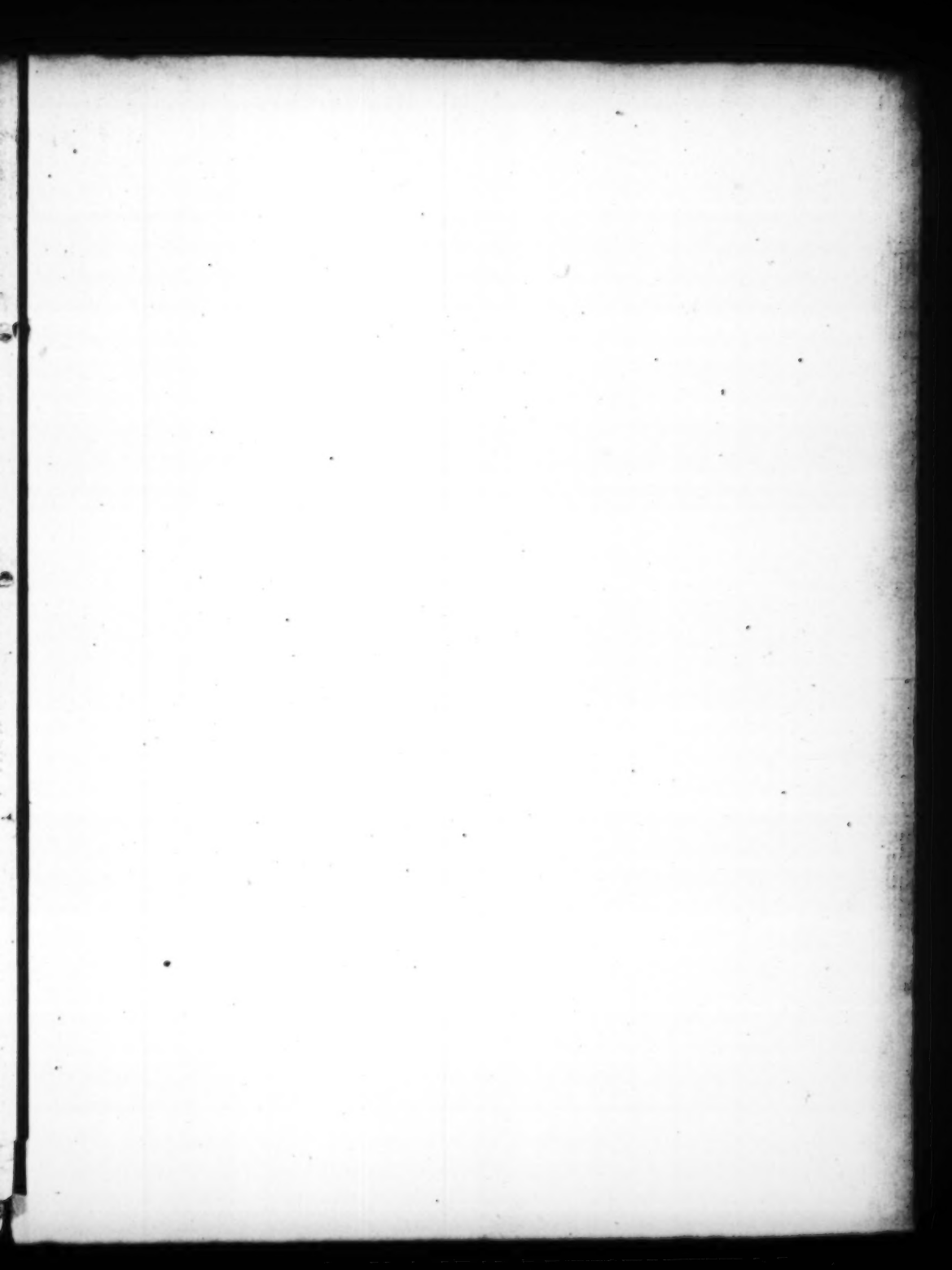
But more especially in consideration of the late most ex-
traordinary Services (which so he forgotten by us or our
Posterity) which the said Sr. John Granvill hath lately
rendered us in his Person in his secret, prudent and most
faithfull Transactions and Negotiations, in concluding this
most happy Treaty, which he had lately, by our special Com-
mand and Commission, with our Famous and Renowned
General Monk; and wherein he alone (and no other) was
intrusted by Us, concerning the said Treaty, about those
most important Affairs for our Restauration; which he has
most faithfullly performed with great prudence, care, secrecy
and advantage for our Service, without any conditions im-
posed upon us beyond our expectation, and the Commission
we gave him; whereof we doubt not, but by Gods blessing,
we shall speedily see the effects of our said happy Restauration.
We are graciously pleased to promise, upon the Word of a
King, that as soon as we are arrived in England, and it
shall please God to restore us to our Crown of that King-
dom; We will confer upon our said right Trusty and well-
beloved Servant Sir John Granvill the place and office of
Groom

Groom of our Stole, and First Gentleman of our Bed Chamber, and all Fees, Penfions, and Perquisites belonging together with the Title and Dignity of an Earl of our Kingdom of England: And the better to support the said Title of Honour, and to reward as we ought those many great services, and to recompence the losses and sufferings of him and his Family: We are further graciously pleased to promise upon our said Royal Word, to pay all the Debts that he the said Sir John Granvill, or his Father have contracted in the late Wars, in our service, or in our Royal Fathers of Blessed Memory; and also to bestow and settle, in good Land in England, an Estate of Inheritance to the value of at least 3000 l. per annum, upon him the said Sir John Granvill, and his Heirs for ever, so remain as a perpetual acknowledgement for the said services; and as a Testimony of our Grace and Favour towards him, and that Ancient and Loyal Family of the Granville, unto all Posterity. Given at our Court at Brussels, the 26 of April, in the 12th year of our Reign 1660.

By his Majesties Command

Edm. Nicholas.

PINIS





Anglorum Magnanimus BEVILLIVS
GRANDIL Cornubiensis, Eques Aunitus.

V E R S E S

BY

The University of OXFORD.

On the Death of the Most Noble, and Right
Valiant Sir *Bevill Grenvill*, alias *Granvill*, Kt.

Who was Slain by the Rebels at the Battle on
Lansdown-Hill, near *Bathe*, July the 5. 1643.

*Aut spoliis ego jam raptis laudabor opimis,
Aut Letho insigni.*———Virg. *Aeneid*.



Printed at Oxford in the Year of our Lord, 1643.
and now Reprinted at London, 1684.

[3.]

(1)

V E R S E

17

The University of Oxford

On the Death of the late Sir John Lubbock, Bart.

Who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of

Marston, on the 25th of May, 1213.

Printed at Oxford in the Year of our Lord, 1644,
and now Reprinted at London, 1644.

and few Persons (say I should) to Delivering to be Co-

To the Right Honourable
 John Earl of BATH, Viscount of
 Lansdown, Baron Granvill of
 Granvill, Bideford, and Kilkhampton,
 Lord-Lieutenant and High-
 Steward of the Dutchy of Cornwall,
 Lord-Warden of the Stanneries,
 Governour of Plymouth, Groom of
 the Stole to his Majesty, First Gentleman
 of his Majesties Bed-Chamber,
 and One of the Lords of his Majesties
 most Honourable Privy-Councill.

THESE Verses were an *Epicedium* of the Muses
 of Oxford, made to adorn the Herse of your
 Noble Father, who Dy'd so Gloriously at *Lans-*
down, in Defence of his *Prince* and Country. It is
 Apparent what a Publique loss his Death was, that
 one of the first Universities of *Europe* should think
 fit to Lament it; A Respect, it may be, never done
 before to any but to the Royal Family. But as there

A

are

The Epistle Dedicatory.

are few Persons (my Lord) so Deserving to be Celebrated as your Father ; so are there few Families, which have had that Military Glory in them. Not to go back so far as your great Ancestor *Hamon Dentatus Earl of Corboil*, descended from the Warlike *Rollo Duke of Normandy* ; Nor to Mention his two Renowned Sons, *Robert Fitzhamon*, and *Sr Richard de Granvill*, who came over with *William the Conqueror*, and Ayded him at the Battle of *Hastings*, to Wyn the Crown of *England*, and afterward in the Conquest of *Wales* ; there are late Instances of other of your Progenitors who have Illustrated your Race by their valiant Actions. In the War with *France*, betwixt *Henry the 8th.* and *Francis the first*, *Sir Roger Granvil* lost his life at Sea : And his Son *Sir Richard Granvil*, when he was very Young went a Volentier into *Hungary* to serve the Emperour *Ferdinand* against the *Turk*, and after that was with *Don John of Austria* at the Battle of *Lepanto*, the greatest Day that ever was at Sea since that of *Adrian*. At his Return home, applying himself to the Sea, he became an Expert Captain and Admirall, & after Several Voyages into the *West-Indies*, and elsewhere, & Services done his Country, with much Honour and Successe, he was at last Slayn at the *Azores Islands*, having with one of the *Queen's Ships* alone, being unhappily Separated

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rated from the rest of the Fleet, whereof he was Vice-Admiral, Sustain'd a fight against the whole Naval power of *Spain*; never yeilding, though his Guns were dismounted, his men almost all hurt or kill'd, himself Mortally Wounded, and his *Decks* blown up, that there was no place left to fight upon; so that his Enemies were Astonish'd at his valour, and Concern'd to save him, as if he had been of their own Nation: but his Wounds being too Mortall to be cured, he Expired in a Few Hours, and was Buried in the Ocean, which had been the Theatre of his Glory.

I cannot forget another Sir *Richard Granvill* your Lordships Uncle, who having done his Apprenticeship in Arms in the *Low-Countrys* and *German Wars*, serv'd his late Majesty in the *Northern* Expeditions, and then in the Wars of *Ireland*; and at length coming to command one of the Kings Armies in the *West*, kept that Country in his Majesties Obedience, till the Rest of *England* was lost, & the fortune of the Parliament prevail'd every where: A severe Observer of Military Discipline; and my Lord General the Old Duke of *Albemarle* was wont to say, one of the best Captains we had in all the War of *England* and *Ireland*. As the Name and fortune of your Ancestors are Descended to your Lordship, so is their Virtue too, which appeared so early in you, that before you

The Epistle Dedicatory.

were Seaventeen years Old, you enter'd into your Fathers Command; and after you had serv'd the King upon several Engagements in the Army, and particularly in *Cornwall*, at the Defeat of the *Earl of Essex*, you brought those Valiant Companies, in the Head of which your Father was slain at *Lansdown*, to fight for his Majesty at the Second Battel of *Newbery*, where you were like to have undergone your Fathers fate, as well as Imitated his Virtue, for being Engaged in the Thickest of the Enemies, and having receiv'd severall wounds, and one most Dangerous *One* in the Head, with the blow of a Halberd, which beat you to the Ground, you lay for some time without Sense or Motion, till a Body of the Kings Horse Charging the Enemy afresh, beat them off the ground upon which you fought, where you were found amongst the Dead, Cover'd with Dust and Blood; and being known, were carried into that place of the Field, where the *King & Prince of Wales* (his now Present Majesty) were, who sent you to *Dennington Castle* to be treated for your Wounds. It could not My Lord but be matter of great Contentment to you, to have his Majesty himself a witness of the Blood you had lost for him, and a Spectator of that Loyalty and Courage, which are the Hereditary Qualities of your Family.

No sooner were the Armies drawn off from the
Field

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Field of *Newbery*, but you were presently Besieged in *Dennington*, where for some time you lay in Extream Danger of your life, not only by those Desperate Wounds you had got in the late Battel, but in the hazzard you were in, of Receiving new ones from the Enemy, the Bullets flying continually through the Room where you lay under Cure, till you were Relieved by the Victorious Forces of his Majesty at the Third Battel of *Newbery*: Nor have you only Serv'd the King with your Sword in the Field, but been another way a Chief Instrument of the Greatest good that ever came to *England*, I mean the Restauration of his Majesty, and of the Laws and Liberty of your Oppressed Country. This my Lord was brought to pass by your Prudent and Successfull Negotiation with my Lord General *Monck*, you having a particular Commission from the King to treat with him; with whom when you had Conserted all things for his Majesties Return, and that without Imposing the least Condition upon him, you Posted away to *Bruzells* to give him an Account of it: In which Journey as well as in the Rest of your Conduct in this Affair, you exposed your self to no Ordinary Danger, and most certainly sery'd the King your Master more Effectually, then if you had won more then One Battel for him.

My Lord General who seem'd to be Inspir'd in

the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Carrying-on of this Great Business, was so Circumspect, that he would not write to the King by your Lordship, for fear you might be Searched upon the Way, and what you carried Intercepted, and his Great Design Discover'd before it was Ripe, and therefore left all to your Care and Prudent Management; But at your Return, he wrote a Letter to his Majesty, wherein he confirmed to him under his Hand what he had Promised and Agreed in his Treaty with your Lordship, viz. That he would Employ all the Power he had to set the King upon his Throne, and that without Conditions. This Letter was delivered to his Majesty at *Breda* by your Noble Brother Mr *Bernard Granvill*: If ever Letter were wellcome to a Prince, this had Reason to be so, since it contained no less then a humane Assurance that his Majesties Travels were at an End, and that the time was come that Almighty God would Restore him to his *Crowns & Kingdoms*, from which his Majesty was so long & so Unjustly kept by most Bloody Usurpers.

Your Lordship is not only happy in the Conscience of your own Actions, and Virtuous Examples of those who are gone before you, but in the most hopefull Prospect you have of your Descendents. For my Lord *Landstown* treading in the Steps of his Brave Ancestors, hath been already Courting Honour in the Wars of *Hungary*, where

The Epistle Dedicatory.

where he hath distinctly signalized himself in all those great Occasions, particularly at *Kornenberch*, where the *Duke of Loraine* Defeated Twelve Thousand Spahyes in a rare *Campagne* at the Relieving of *Vienna*, which was Besieged by an Army of Two Hundred Thousand Combattants; At the Battel of *Baracan*, where the *King of Poland*, & his whole Army had been Certainly lost, if the *Duke of Loraine*, with whom my *Lord Lansdown* then was, had not come in, & turn'd the Day at the very instant that fortune was Declaring for the Infidels; & lastly, at the taking of *Gran*, the second City of the Kingdom: and now he is return'd Home with Laurels, & a lasting Monument of his Achievements, being Dignified with the Quality of Count of the Empire, and Honoured to bear his Paternal Coat of Arms upon the *Roman Eagle*.

But it is an Epistle (My Lord) that I am writing, and not a History, and therefore I will Conclude, humbly Intreating your Lordship to give your Patronage to these Verses, which I Conceive I have some Right to Dispose of, since by the fate of Survivorship they belong to me, who am the only man Living of All those Names you find here; Except one Right Reverend Lord, whose Obliging consent is Obtain'd to this Edition. And therefore I cause them to be Reprinted, and Consecrated to the Immortall Memory of your most Noble

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Noble Father, as the greatest Testimony I am able to give your Lordship of the Honour I have for you & your Family; Desiring further your Lordships Pardon for Presuming to Reprint and Bind in One Volume together with the said Verses, a Letter from his Late Majesty, the Royal Martyr, to *Sr. Bevill Granvill*, your said Noble Father; and another with his said Majesties most Gracious Parent to the County of *Cornwall*; with his Present Majesties Warrant, given to your Lordship at *Brussels*, for your Signal Services, (already Printed in the History of his Majesties Restauration,) and a particular account of his said Majesties Grace and Favour to the Loyal Towns & Burroughs within the Duchy of *Cornwall*, upon your Lordships Favourable Mediation for your Country-men: Together with the relation of that Famous Sea-fight of your aforefaid Great Grandfather *Sir Richard Granvill*, Written by the incomparable *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

*From the Inner-Temple,
Nov. 1. 1684.*

*I am,
My Lord,*

*Your Lordships most Humbly
Devoted Servant,*

Henry Birkhead.

To

(1)

TO THE MEMORY
OF Sir BEVILL GRANVILL

IT is not He. I'll not believe mine Eye.
 He that could never Fear, can never Dye.
 Dust, Sweat, and Bloud, mixt in that Face, conspire
 To say 'tis GRANVILL. Trust 'em not. The Fire,
 That warm'd his Brest, was Vestall, Star-born Light,
 Flame, that no Ocean, Day that fear'd no Night.
 It is not He. But weeping Truth says, 'Tis
 That Corps of Glory can be None's but His.
 So hovers Valour o're that Brow; so yet
 (As, after Tempests, empty'd Clouds still Threat)
 Terror leaps from those Eyes, and Rebels Run;
 The Souldier lives still, though the Man be gone.
 The Man! Courage said More. But Honour, sitting
 With Fame in Councell, found it far more fitting
 The World should know him Mortall; that he Fought
 On equall terms; that to the Field He brought
 Nothing Impenetrable, but his Mind;
 Knew Danger and despis'd it: Since, we find,
 Cowards, Secur'd, A& Valour. All else than
 Speaking Him more, Death was to prove Him Man.
 Then; when, as a Destroying Angell, sent
 To Mow a Guilty Nation down, He sent (Stand
 Blow's like to Whirl-winds. LANDS-DOWN saw Him
 Not with a Pike, but Thunder-bolt in's hand.

B

GRANVILL

(1)

GRANVILL against an Army. He being one of the best
 Cannon, Horse, Foot himself. So that he was
 Unto the Hill, and down the Hill, and down the Hill,
 Port to Himself and Us; Stronger then all worth
 Cow'rds Love & Loose, Steep Mountain, Wood, & Wall,
 Whence His Sword doth lead them once his Blood doth fill,
 Sprinkling the Ground, and Hollowing the Hill;
 Where, since Drops of his Blood, of all Vein,
 Rebellion ne're shall dare set Foot again:

I GRANVILL dead, or Valour? is in He
 Hath left this World, or is it Loyalty?
 Alas! both Dye with Him, both leave us; how
 Shall none survive, but Traitorous Cowards now
 Good Heav'ns forbid, by them the good may
 Both by his Patern live, both in his Person Dye.

Could I report Great GRANVILL, on repeat
 Thy famous Actions in thine own front Heats
 Could I write as Thou fought'st the World mightiest
 Perhaps some Picture of thy Deeds, and Thee
 And, thus inspir'd from thy bold Name, my Verse
 At once would come forth rapture, and relief;
 But as those ravish'd Prophets, whom old
 Sick of their God, and much too frail to hold
 Their strong Inspirer, first felt trance, then spoke,
 And utter'd Answers, which from Labours broke
 Someeting Things too high to be express'd
 I find my self, whilst I describe, oppress'd

GRANVILL

Thou

Thou dost stand forth, and show'st thyself
 Rife, and multiplying, and growing
 Still bring'st forth more, and more, and more
 Which still begins, and still grows
 So *Homer* wrote, who should have known
 Should braver write, or who should braver do
 So what at first he meant as odd, and song,
 Swell'd to a Work, and Story, and long
 And what at first was said in shade,
 Spread in the Writing, and in the Shade

Hadst thou, like *Odier*, thought by Rule, and Line,
 Who call it Valour, and by Force, and
 Assaults, and Dangers, and maintain that there
 Can be no Fortitude, nor in the Fear,
 Hadst thou believ'd that they, who do engage
 Themselves beyond their right, but rage
 Or that, when men beyond a man do strive,
 Their Fury's only Valiant, not Thine
 We on thy Temples now had planted Bays,
 And Thou hadst liv'd to hear and feel thy Prayse
 But Thou didst scorn such Rules, and call'dst such Laws,
 Arts now to blemish, and desert a Cause
 Countedst those false, whom *Othello* count'd wise
 And their discreet Fear, order'd Cowardice
 Far above all cold precepts, which do preach
 Escapes, retreats, and fallings back, and teach
 Advantages of Time, and place, and shew
 Learnedly make Men Pusillanimous
 Or at most, valiant to a Point, and all
 Their Courage merely Philosophicall
 Thou thoughtst it fit to be nobler to raise
 With flame, and Colours, then with Rules
 Still call'dst for more, and more, and more
 Still thoughtst it that to be more was to be more

And where the ¹² ¹⁰ ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ³² ³³ ³⁴ ³⁵ ³⁶ ³⁷ ³⁸ ³⁹ ⁴⁰ ⁴¹ ⁴² ⁴³ ⁴⁴ ⁴⁵ ⁴⁶ ⁴⁷ ⁴⁸ ⁴⁹ ⁵⁰ ⁵¹ ⁵² ⁵³ ⁵⁴ ⁵⁵ ⁵⁶ ⁵⁷ ⁵⁸ ⁵⁹ ⁶⁰ ⁶¹ ⁶² ⁶³ ⁶⁴ ⁶⁵ ⁶⁶ ⁶⁷ ⁶⁸ ⁶⁹ ⁷⁰ ⁷¹ ⁷² ⁷³ ⁷⁴ ⁷⁵ ⁷⁶ ⁷⁷ ⁷⁸ ⁷⁹ ⁸⁰ ⁸¹ ⁸² ⁸³ ⁸⁴ ⁸⁵ ⁸⁶ ⁸⁷ ⁸⁸ ⁸⁹ ⁹⁰ ⁹¹ ⁹² ⁹³ ⁹⁴ ⁹⁵ ⁹⁶ ⁹⁷ ⁹⁸ ⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰ ¹⁰¹ ¹⁰² ¹⁰³ ¹⁰⁴ ¹⁰⁵ ¹⁰⁶ ¹⁰⁷ ¹⁰⁸ ¹⁰⁹ ¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹ ¹¹² ¹¹³ ¹¹⁴ ¹¹⁵ ¹¹⁶ ¹¹⁷ ¹¹⁸ ¹¹⁹ ¹²⁰ ¹²¹ ¹²² ¹²³ ¹²⁴ ¹²⁵ ¹²⁶ ¹²⁷ ¹²⁸ ¹²⁹ ¹³⁰ ¹³¹ ¹³² ¹³³ ¹³⁴ ¹³⁵ ¹³⁶ ¹³⁷ ¹³⁸ ¹³⁹ ¹⁴⁰ ¹⁴¹ ¹⁴² ¹⁴³ ¹⁴⁴ ¹⁴⁵ ¹⁴⁶ ¹⁴⁷ ¹⁴⁸ ¹⁴⁹ ¹⁵⁰ ¹⁵¹ ¹⁵² ¹⁵³ ¹⁵⁴ ¹⁵⁵ ¹⁵⁶ ¹⁵⁷ ¹⁵⁸ ¹⁵⁹ ¹⁶⁰ ¹⁶¹ ¹⁶² ¹⁶³ ¹⁶⁴ ¹⁶⁵ ¹⁶⁶ ¹⁶⁷ ¹⁶⁸ ¹⁶⁹ ¹⁷⁰ ¹⁷¹ ¹⁷² ¹⁷³ ¹⁷⁴ ¹⁷⁵ ¹⁷⁶ ¹⁷⁷ ¹⁷⁸ ¹⁷⁹ ¹⁸⁰ ¹⁸¹ ¹⁸² ¹⁸³ ¹⁸⁴ ¹⁸⁵ ¹⁸⁶ ¹⁸⁷ ¹⁸⁸ ¹⁸⁹ ¹⁹⁰ ¹⁹¹ ¹⁹² ¹⁹³ ¹⁹⁴ ¹⁹⁵ ¹⁹⁶ ¹⁹⁷ ¹⁹⁸ ¹⁹⁹ ²⁰⁰ ²⁰¹ ²⁰² ²⁰³ ²⁰⁴ ²⁰⁵ ²⁰⁶ ²⁰⁷ ²⁰⁸ ²⁰⁹ ²¹⁰ ²¹¹ ²¹² ²¹³ ²¹⁴ ²¹⁵ ²¹⁶ ²¹⁷ ²¹⁸ ²¹⁹ ²²⁰ ²²¹ ²²² ²²³ ²²⁴ ²²⁵ ²²⁶ ²²⁷ ²²⁸ ²²⁹ ²³⁰ ²³¹ ²³² ²³³ ²³⁴ ²³⁵ ²³⁶ ²³⁷ ²³⁸ ²³⁹ ²⁴⁰ ²⁴¹ ²⁴² ²⁴³ ²⁴⁴ ²⁴⁵ ²⁴⁶ ²⁴⁷ ²⁴⁸ ²⁴⁹ ²⁵⁰ ²⁵¹ ²⁵² ²⁵³ ²⁵⁴ ²⁵⁵ ²⁵⁶ ²⁵⁷ ²⁵⁸ ²⁵⁹ ²⁶⁰ ²⁶¹ ²⁶² ²⁶³ ²⁶⁴ ²⁶⁵ ²⁶⁶ ²⁶⁷ ²⁶⁸ ²⁶⁹ ²⁷⁰ ²⁷¹ ²⁷² ²⁷³ ²⁷⁴ ²⁷⁵ ²⁷⁶ ²⁷⁷ ²⁷⁸ ²⁷⁹ ²⁸⁰ ²⁸¹ ²⁸² ²⁸³ ²⁸⁴ ²⁸⁵ ²⁸⁶ ²⁸⁷ ²⁸⁸ ²⁸⁹ ²⁹⁰ ²⁹¹ ²⁹² ²⁹³ ²⁹⁴ ²⁹⁵ ²⁹⁶ ²⁹⁷ ²⁹⁸ ²⁹⁹ ³⁰⁰ ³⁰¹ ³⁰² ³⁰³ ³⁰⁴ ³⁰⁵ ³⁰⁶ ³⁰⁷ ³⁰⁸ ³⁰⁹ ³¹⁰ ³¹¹ ³¹² ³¹³ ³¹⁴ ³¹⁵ ³¹⁶ ³¹⁷ ³¹⁸ ³¹⁹ ³²⁰ ³²¹ ³²² ³²³ ³²⁴ ³²⁵ ³²⁶ ³²⁷ ³²⁸ ³²⁹ ³³⁰ ³³¹ ³³² ³³³ ³³⁴ ³³⁵ ³³⁶ ³³⁷ ³³⁸ ³³⁹ ³⁴⁰ ³⁴¹ ³⁴² ³⁴³ ³⁴⁴ ³⁴⁵ ³⁴⁶ ³⁴⁷ ³⁴⁸ ³⁴⁹ ³⁵⁰ ³⁵¹ ³⁵² ³⁵³ ³⁵⁴ ³⁵⁵ ³⁵⁶ ³⁵⁷ ³⁵⁸ ³⁵⁹ ³⁶⁰ ³⁶¹ ³⁶² ³⁶³ ³⁶⁴ ³⁶⁵ ³⁶⁶ ³⁶⁷ ³⁶⁸ ³⁶⁹ ³⁷⁰ ³⁷¹ ³⁷² ³⁷³ ³⁷⁴ ³⁷⁵ ³⁷⁶ ³⁷⁷ ³⁷⁸ ³⁷⁹ ³⁸⁰ ³⁸¹ ³⁸² ³⁸³ ³⁸⁴ ³⁸⁵ ³⁸⁶ ³⁸⁷ ³⁸⁸ ³⁸⁹ ³⁹⁰ ³⁹¹ ³⁹² ³⁹³ ³⁹⁴ ³⁹⁵ ³⁹⁶ ³⁹⁷ ³⁹⁸ ³⁹⁹ ⁴⁰⁰ ⁴⁰¹ ⁴⁰² ⁴⁰³ ⁴⁰⁴ ⁴⁰⁵ ⁴⁰⁶ ⁴⁰⁷ ⁴⁰⁸ ⁴⁰⁹ ⁴¹⁰ ⁴¹¹ ⁴¹² ⁴¹³ ⁴¹⁴ ⁴¹⁵ ⁴¹⁶ ⁴¹⁷ ⁴¹⁸ ⁴¹⁹ ⁴²⁰ ⁴²¹ ⁴²² ⁴²³ ⁴²⁴ ⁴²⁵ ⁴²⁶ ⁴²⁷ ⁴²⁸ ⁴²⁹ ⁴³⁰ ⁴³¹ ⁴³² ⁴³³ ⁴³⁴ ⁴³⁵ ⁴³⁶ ⁴³⁷ ⁴³⁸ ⁴³⁹ ⁴⁴⁰ ⁴⁴¹ ⁴⁴² ⁴⁴³ ⁴⁴⁴ ⁴⁴⁵ ⁴⁴⁶ ⁴⁴⁷ ⁴⁴⁸ ⁴⁴⁹ ⁴⁵⁰ ⁴⁵¹ ⁴⁵² ⁴⁵³ ⁴⁵⁴ ⁴⁵⁵ ⁴⁵⁶ ⁴⁵⁷ ⁴⁵⁸ ⁴⁵⁹ ⁴⁶⁰ ⁴⁶¹ ⁴⁶² ⁴⁶³ ⁴⁶⁴ ⁴⁶⁵ ⁴⁶⁶ ⁴⁶⁷ ⁴⁶⁸ ⁴⁶⁹ ⁴⁷⁰ ⁴⁷¹ ⁴⁷² ⁴⁷³ ⁴⁷⁴ ⁴⁷⁵ ⁴⁷⁶ ⁴⁷⁷ ⁴⁷⁸ ⁴⁷⁹ ⁴⁸⁰ ⁴⁸¹ ⁴⁸² ⁴⁸³ ⁴⁸⁴ ⁴⁸⁵ ⁴⁸⁶ ⁴⁸⁷ ⁴⁸⁸ ⁴⁸⁹ ⁴⁹⁰ ⁴⁹¹ ⁴⁹² ⁴⁹³ ⁴⁹⁴ ⁴⁹⁵ ⁴⁹⁶ ⁴⁹⁷ ⁴⁹⁸ ⁴⁹⁹ ⁵⁰⁰ ⁵⁰¹ ⁵⁰² ⁵⁰³ ⁵⁰⁴ ⁵⁰⁵ ⁵⁰⁶ ⁵⁰⁷ ⁵⁰⁸ ⁵⁰⁹ ⁵¹⁰ ⁵¹¹ ⁵¹² ⁵¹³ ⁵¹⁴ ⁵¹⁵ ⁵¹⁶ ⁵¹⁷ ⁵¹⁸ ⁵¹⁹ ⁵²⁰ ⁵²¹ ⁵²² ⁵²³ ⁵²⁴ ⁵²⁵ ⁵²⁶ ⁵²⁷ ⁵²⁸ ⁵²⁹ ⁵³⁰ ⁵³¹ ⁵³² ⁵³³ ⁵³⁴ ⁵³⁵ ⁵³⁶ ⁵³⁷ ⁵³⁸ ⁵³⁹ ⁵⁴⁰ ⁵⁴¹ ⁵⁴² ⁵⁴³ ⁵⁴⁴ ⁵⁴⁵ ⁵⁴⁶ ⁵⁴⁷ ⁵⁴⁸ ⁵⁴⁹ ⁵⁵⁰ ⁵⁵¹ ⁵⁵² ⁵⁵³ ⁵⁵⁴ ⁵⁵⁵ ⁵⁵⁶ ⁵⁵⁷ ⁵⁵⁸ ⁵⁵⁹ ⁵⁶⁰ ⁵⁶¹ ⁵⁶² ⁵⁶³ ⁵⁶⁴ ⁵⁶⁵ ⁵⁶⁶ ⁵⁶⁷ ⁵⁶⁸ ⁵⁶⁹ ⁵⁷⁰ ⁵⁷¹ ⁵⁷² ⁵⁷³ ⁵⁷⁴ ⁵⁷⁵ ⁵⁷⁶ ⁵⁷⁷ ⁵⁷⁸ ⁵⁷⁹ ⁵⁸⁰ ⁵⁸¹ ⁵⁸² ⁵⁸³ ⁵⁸⁴ ⁵⁸⁵ ⁵⁸⁶ ⁵⁸⁷ ⁵⁸⁸ ⁵⁸⁹ ⁵⁹⁰ ⁵⁹¹ ⁵⁹² ⁵⁹³ ⁵⁹⁴ ⁵⁹⁵ ⁵⁹⁶ ⁵⁹⁷ ⁵⁹⁸ ⁵⁹⁹ ⁶⁰⁰ ⁶⁰¹ ⁶⁰² ⁶⁰³ ⁶⁰⁴ ⁶⁰⁵ ⁶⁰⁶ ⁶⁰⁷ ⁶⁰⁸ ⁶⁰⁹ ⁶¹⁰ ⁶¹¹ ⁶¹² ⁶¹³ ⁶¹⁴ ⁶¹⁵ ⁶¹⁶ ⁶¹⁷ ⁶¹⁸ ⁶¹⁹ ⁶²⁰ ⁶²¹ ⁶²² ⁶²³ ⁶²⁴ ⁶²⁵ ⁶²⁶ ⁶²⁷ ⁶²⁸ ⁶²⁹ ⁶³⁰ ⁶³¹ ⁶³² ⁶³³ ⁶³⁴ ⁶³⁵ ⁶³⁶ ⁶³⁷ ⁶³⁸ ⁶³⁹ ⁶⁴⁰ ⁶⁴¹ ⁶⁴² ⁶⁴³ ⁶⁴⁴ ⁶⁴⁵ ⁶⁴⁶ ⁶⁴⁷ ⁶⁴⁸ ⁶⁴⁹ ⁶⁵⁰ ⁶⁵¹ ⁶⁵² ⁶⁵³ ⁶⁵⁴ ⁶⁵⁵ ⁶⁵⁶ ⁶⁵⁷ ⁶⁵⁸ ⁶⁵⁹ ⁶⁶⁰ ⁶⁶¹ ⁶⁶² ⁶⁶³ ⁶⁶⁴ ⁶⁶⁵ ⁶⁶⁶ ⁶⁶⁷ ⁶⁶⁸ ⁶⁶⁹ ⁶⁷⁰ ⁶⁷¹ ⁶⁷² ⁶⁷³ ⁶⁷⁴ ⁶⁷⁵ ⁶⁷⁶ ⁶⁷⁷ ⁶⁷⁸ ⁶⁷⁹ ⁶⁸⁰ ⁶⁸¹ ⁶⁸² ⁶⁸³ ⁶⁸⁴ ⁶⁸⁵ ⁶⁸⁶ ⁶⁸⁷ ⁶⁸⁸ ⁶⁸⁹ ⁶⁹⁰ ⁶⁹¹ ⁶⁹² ⁶⁹³ ⁶⁹⁴ ⁶⁹⁵ ⁶⁹⁶ ⁶⁹⁷ ⁶⁹⁸ ⁶⁹⁹ ⁷⁰⁰ ⁷⁰¹ ⁷⁰² ⁷⁰³ ⁷⁰⁴ ⁷⁰⁵ ⁷⁰⁶ ⁷⁰⁷ ⁷⁰⁸ ⁷⁰⁹ ⁷¹⁰ ⁷¹¹ ⁷¹² ⁷¹³ ⁷¹⁴ ⁷¹⁵ ⁷¹⁶ ⁷¹⁷ ⁷¹⁸ ⁷¹⁹ ⁷²⁰ ⁷²¹ ⁷²² ⁷²³ ⁷²⁴ ⁷²⁵ ⁷²⁶ ⁷²⁷ ⁷²⁸ ⁷²⁹ ⁷³⁰ ⁷³¹ ⁷³² ⁷³³ ⁷³⁴ ⁷³⁵ ⁷³⁶ ⁷³⁷ ⁷³⁸ ⁷³⁹ ⁷⁴⁰ ⁷⁴¹ ⁷⁴² ⁷⁴³ ⁷⁴⁴ ⁷⁴⁵ ⁷⁴⁶ ⁷⁴⁷ ⁷⁴⁸ ⁷⁴⁹ ⁷⁵⁰ ⁷⁵¹ ⁷⁵² ⁷⁵³ ⁷⁵⁴ ⁷⁵⁵ ⁷⁵⁶ ⁷⁵⁷ ⁷⁵⁸ ⁷⁵⁹ ⁷⁶⁰ ⁷⁶¹ ⁷⁶² ⁷⁶³ ⁷⁶⁴ ⁷⁶⁵ ⁷⁶⁶ ⁷⁶⁷ ⁷⁶⁸ ⁷⁶⁹ ⁷⁷⁰ ⁷⁷¹ ⁷⁷² ⁷⁷³ ⁷⁷⁴ ⁷⁷⁵ ⁷⁷⁶ ⁷⁷⁷ ⁷⁷⁸ ⁷⁷⁹ ⁷⁸⁰ ⁷⁸¹ ⁷⁸² ⁷⁸³ ⁷⁸⁴ ⁷⁸⁵ ⁷⁸⁶ ⁷⁸⁷ ⁷⁸⁸ ⁷⁸⁹ ⁷⁹⁰ ⁷⁹¹ ⁷⁹² ⁷⁹³ ⁷⁹⁴ ⁷⁹⁵ ⁷⁹⁶ ⁷⁹⁷ ⁷⁹⁸ ⁷⁹⁹ ⁸⁰⁰ ⁸⁰¹ ⁸⁰² ⁸⁰³ ⁸⁰⁴ ⁸⁰⁵ ⁸⁰⁶ ⁸⁰⁷ ⁸⁰⁸ ⁸⁰⁹ ⁸¹⁰ ⁸¹¹ ⁸¹² ⁸¹³ ⁸¹⁴ ⁸¹⁵ ⁸¹⁶ ⁸¹⁷ ⁸¹⁸ ⁸¹⁹ ⁸²⁰ ⁸²¹ ⁸²² ⁸²³ ⁸²⁴ ⁸²⁵ ⁸²⁶ ⁸²⁷ ⁸²⁸ ⁸²⁹ ⁸³⁰ ⁸³¹ ⁸³² ⁸³³ ⁸³⁴ ⁸³⁵ ⁸³⁶ ⁸³⁷ ⁸³⁸ ⁸³⁹ ⁸⁴⁰ ⁸⁴¹ ⁸⁴² ⁸⁴³ ⁸⁴⁴ ⁸⁴⁵ ⁸⁴⁶ ⁸⁴⁷ ⁸⁴⁸ ⁸⁴⁹ ⁸⁵⁰ ⁸⁵¹ ⁸⁵² ⁸⁵³ ⁸⁵⁴ ⁸⁵⁵ ⁸⁵⁶ ⁸⁵⁷ ⁸⁵⁸ ⁸⁵⁹ ⁸⁶⁰ ⁸⁶¹ ⁸⁶² ⁸⁶³ ⁸⁶⁴ ⁸⁶⁵ ⁸⁶⁶ ⁸⁶⁷ ⁸⁶⁸ ⁸⁶⁹ ⁸⁷⁰ ⁸⁷¹ ⁸⁷² ⁸⁷³ ⁸⁷⁴ ⁸⁷⁵ ⁸⁷⁶ ⁸⁷⁷ ⁸⁷⁸ ⁸⁷⁹ ⁸⁸⁰ ⁸⁸¹ ⁸⁸² ⁸⁸³ ⁸⁸⁴ ⁸⁸⁵ ⁸⁸⁶ ⁸⁸⁷ ⁸⁸⁸ ⁸⁸⁹ ⁸⁹⁰ ⁸⁹¹ ⁸⁹² ⁸⁹³ ⁸⁹⁴ ⁸⁹⁵ ⁸⁹⁶ ⁸⁹⁷ ⁸⁹⁸ ⁸⁹⁹ ⁹⁰⁰ ⁹⁰¹ ⁹⁰² ⁹⁰³ ⁹⁰⁴ ⁹⁰⁵ ⁹⁰⁶ ⁹⁰⁷ ⁹⁰⁸ ⁹⁰⁹ ⁹¹⁰ ⁹¹¹ ⁹¹² ⁹¹³ ⁹¹⁴ ⁹¹⁵ ⁹¹⁶ ⁹¹⁷ ⁹¹⁸ ⁹¹⁹ ⁹²⁰ ⁹²¹ ⁹²² ⁹²³ ⁹²⁴ ⁹²⁵ ⁹²⁶ ⁹²⁷ ⁹²⁸ ⁹²⁹ ⁹³⁰ ⁹³¹ ⁹³² ⁹³³ ⁹³⁴ ⁹³⁵ ⁹³⁶ ⁹³⁷ ⁹³⁸ ⁹³⁹ ⁹⁴⁰ ⁹⁴¹ ⁹⁴² ⁹⁴³ ⁹⁴⁴ ⁹⁴⁵ ⁹⁴⁶ ⁹⁴⁷ ⁹⁴⁸ ⁹⁴⁹ ⁹⁵⁰ ⁹⁵¹ ⁹⁵² ⁹⁵³ ⁹⁵⁴ ⁹⁵⁵ ⁹⁵⁶ ⁹⁵⁷ ⁹⁵⁸ ⁹⁵⁹ ⁹⁶⁰ ⁹⁶¹ ⁹⁶² ⁹⁶³ ⁹⁶⁴ ⁹⁶⁵ ⁹⁶⁶ ⁹⁶⁷ ⁹⁶⁸ ⁹⁶⁹ ⁹⁷⁰ ⁹⁷¹ ⁹⁷² ⁹⁷³ ⁹⁷⁴ ⁹⁷⁵ ⁹⁷⁶ ⁹⁷⁷ ⁹⁷⁸ ⁹⁷⁹ ⁹⁸⁰ ⁹⁸¹ ⁹⁸² ⁹⁸³ ⁹⁸⁴ ⁹⁸⁵ ⁹⁸⁶ ⁹⁸⁷ ⁹⁸⁸ ⁹⁸⁹ ⁹⁹⁰ ⁹⁹¹ ⁹⁹² ⁹⁹³ ⁹⁹⁴ ⁹⁹⁵ ⁹⁹⁶ ⁹⁹⁷ ⁹⁹⁸ ⁹⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰⁰ ¹⁰⁰¹ ¹⁰⁰² ¹⁰⁰³ ¹⁰⁰⁴ ¹⁰⁰⁵ ¹⁰⁰⁶ ¹⁰⁰⁷ ¹⁰⁰⁸ ¹⁰⁰⁹ ¹⁰¹⁰ ¹⁰¹¹ ¹⁰¹² ¹⁰¹³ ¹⁰¹⁴ ¹⁰¹⁵ ¹⁰¹⁶ ¹⁰¹⁷ ¹⁰¹⁸ ¹⁰¹⁹ ¹⁰²⁰ ¹⁰²¹ ¹⁰²² ¹⁰²³ ¹⁰²⁴ ¹⁰²⁵ ¹⁰²⁶ ¹⁰²⁷ ¹⁰²⁸ ¹⁰²⁹ ¹⁰³⁰ ¹⁰³¹ ¹⁰³² ¹⁰³³ ¹⁰³⁴ ¹⁰³⁵ ¹⁰³⁶ ¹⁰³⁷ ¹⁰³⁸ ¹⁰³⁹ ¹⁰⁴⁰ ¹⁰⁴¹ ¹⁰⁴² ¹⁰⁴³ ¹⁰⁴⁴ ¹⁰⁴⁵ ¹⁰⁴⁶ ¹⁰⁴⁷ ¹⁰⁴⁸ ¹⁰⁴⁹ ¹⁰⁵⁰ ¹⁰⁵¹ ¹⁰⁵² ¹⁰⁵³ ¹⁰⁵⁴ ¹⁰⁵⁵ ¹⁰⁵⁶ ¹⁰⁵⁷ ¹⁰⁵⁸ ¹⁰⁵⁹ ¹⁰⁶⁰ ¹⁰⁶¹ ¹⁰⁶² ¹⁰⁶³ ¹⁰⁶⁴ ¹⁰⁶⁵ ¹⁰⁶⁶ ¹⁰⁶⁷ ¹⁰⁶⁸ ¹⁰⁶⁹ ¹⁰⁷⁰ ¹⁰⁷¹ ¹⁰⁷² ¹⁰⁷³ ¹⁰⁷⁴ ¹⁰⁷⁵ ¹⁰⁷⁶ ¹⁰⁷⁷ ¹⁰⁷⁸ ¹⁰⁷⁹ ¹⁰⁸⁰ ¹⁰⁸¹ ¹⁰⁸² ¹⁰⁸³ ¹⁰⁸⁴ ¹⁰⁸⁵ ¹⁰⁸⁶ ¹⁰⁸⁷ ¹⁰⁸⁸ ¹⁰⁸⁹ ¹⁰⁹⁰ ¹⁰⁹¹ ¹⁰⁹² ¹⁰⁹³ ¹⁰⁹⁴ ¹⁰⁹⁵ ¹⁰⁹⁶ ¹⁰⁹⁷ ¹⁰⁹⁸ ¹⁰⁹⁹ ¹¹⁰⁰ ¹¹⁰¹ ¹¹⁰² ¹¹⁰³ ¹¹⁰⁴ ¹¹⁰⁵ ¹¹⁰⁶ ¹¹⁰⁷ ¹¹⁰⁸ ¹¹⁰⁹ ¹¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹¹ ¹¹¹² ¹¹¹³ ¹¹¹⁴ ¹¹¹⁵ ¹¹¹⁶ ¹¹¹⁷ ¹¹¹⁸ ¹¹¹⁹ ¹¹²⁰ ¹¹²¹ ¹¹²² ¹¹²³ ¹¹²⁴ ¹¹²⁵ ¹¹²⁶ ¹¹²⁷ ¹¹²⁸ ¹¹²⁹ ¹¹³⁰ ¹¹³¹ ¹¹³² ¹¹³³ ¹¹³⁴ ¹¹³⁵ ¹¹³⁶ ¹¹³⁷ ¹¹³⁸ ¹¹³⁹ ¹¹⁴⁰ ¹¹⁴¹ ¹¹⁴² ¹¹⁴³ ¹¹⁴⁴ ¹¹⁴⁵ ¹¹⁴⁶ ¹¹⁴⁷ ¹¹⁴⁸ ¹¹⁴⁹ ¹¹⁵⁰ ¹¹⁵¹ ¹¹⁵² ¹¹⁵³ ¹¹⁵⁴ ¹¹⁵⁵ ¹¹⁵⁶ ¹¹⁵⁷ ¹¹⁵⁸ ¹¹⁵⁹ ¹¹⁶⁰ ¹¹⁶¹ ¹¹⁶² ¹¹⁶³ ¹¹⁶⁴ ¹¹⁶⁵ ¹¹⁶⁶ ¹¹⁶⁷ ¹¹⁶⁸ ¹¹⁶⁹ ¹¹⁷⁰ ¹¹⁷¹ ¹¹⁷² ¹¹⁷³ ¹¹⁷⁴ ¹¹⁷⁵ ¹¹⁷⁶ ¹¹⁷⁷ ¹¹⁷⁸ ¹¹⁷⁹ ¹¹⁸⁰ ¹¹⁸¹ ¹¹⁸² ¹¹⁸³ ¹¹⁸⁴ ¹¹⁸⁵ ¹¹⁸⁶ ¹¹⁸⁷ ¹¹⁸⁸ ¹¹⁸⁹ ¹¹⁹⁰ ¹¹⁹¹ ¹¹⁹² ¹¹⁹³ ¹¹⁹⁴ ¹¹⁹⁵ ¹¹⁹⁶ ¹¹⁹⁷ ¹¹⁹⁸ ¹¹⁹⁹ ¹²⁰⁰ ¹²⁰¹ ¹²⁰² ¹²⁰³ ¹²⁰⁴ ¹²⁰⁵ ¹²⁰⁶ ¹²⁰⁷ ¹²⁰⁸ ¹²⁰⁹ ¹²¹⁰ ¹²¹¹ ¹²¹² ¹²¹³ ¹²¹⁴ ¹²¹⁵ ¹²¹⁶ ¹²¹⁷ ¹²¹⁸ ¹²¹⁹ ¹²²⁰ ¹²²¹ ¹²²² ¹²²³ ¹²²⁴ ¹²²⁵ ¹²²⁶ ¹²²⁷ ¹²²⁸ ¹²²⁹ ¹²³⁰ ¹²³¹ ¹²³² ¹²³³ ¹²³⁴ ¹²³⁵ ¹²³⁶ ¹²³⁷ ¹²³⁸ ¹²³⁹ ¹²⁴⁰ ¹²⁴¹ ¹²⁴² ¹²⁴³ ¹²⁴⁴ ¹²⁴⁵ ¹²⁴⁶ ¹²⁴⁷ ¹²⁴⁸ ¹²⁴⁹ ¹²⁵⁰ ¹²⁵¹ ¹²⁵² ¹²⁵³ ¹²⁵⁴ ¹²⁵⁵ ¹²⁵⁶ ¹²⁵⁷ ¹²⁵⁸ ¹²⁵⁹ ¹²⁶⁰ ¹²⁶¹ ¹²⁶² ¹²⁶³ ¹²⁶⁴ ¹²⁶⁵ ¹²⁶⁶ ¹²⁶⁷ ¹²⁶⁸ ¹²⁶⁹ ¹²⁷⁰ ¹²⁷¹ ¹²⁷² ¹²⁷³ ¹²⁷⁴ ¹²⁷⁵ ¹²⁷⁶ ¹²⁷⁷ ¹²⁷⁸ ¹²⁷⁹ ¹²⁸⁰ ¹²⁸¹ ¹²⁸² ¹²⁸³ ¹²⁸⁴ ¹²⁸⁵ ¹²⁸⁶ ¹²⁸⁷ ¹²⁸⁸ ¹²⁸⁹ ¹²⁹⁰ ¹²⁹¹ ¹²⁹² ¹²⁹³ ¹²⁹⁴ ¹²⁹⁵ ¹²⁹⁶ ¹²⁹⁷ ¹²⁹⁸ ¹²⁹⁹ ¹³⁰⁰ ¹³⁰¹ ¹³⁰² ¹³⁰³ ¹³⁰⁴ ¹³⁰⁵ ¹³⁰⁶ ¹³⁰⁷ ¹³⁰⁸ ¹³⁰⁹ ¹³¹⁰ ¹³¹¹ ¹³¹² ¹³¹³ ¹³¹⁴ ¹³¹⁵ ¹³¹⁶ ¹³¹⁷ ¹³¹⁸ ¹³¹⁹ ¹³²⁰ ¹³²¹ ¹³²² ¹³²³ ¹³²⁴ ¹³²⁵ ¹³²⁶ ¹³²⁷ ¹³²⁸ ¹³²⁹ ¹³³⁰ ¹³³¹ ¹³³² ¹³³³ ¹³³⁴ ¹³³⁵ ¹³³⁶ ¹³³⁷ ¹³³⁸ ¹³³⁹ ¹³⁴⁰ ¹³⁴¹ ¹³⁴² ¹³⁴³ ¹³⁴⁴ ¹³⁴⁵ ¹³⁴⁶ ¹³⁴⁷ ¹³⁴⁸ ¹³⁴⁹ ¹³⁵⁰ ¹³⁵¹ ¹³⁵

Still 'gainst their Iron Men, and men of Steel,
Like One increased all parts but the Heel,
(If We may credit what some do report)
Did't hold firm from my Tent, as from a Fort,
Impregnable, unreacht: Still did it repair
The Paintings of those who about thee were,
Still did't receive our Lodes: We did see
New Squadrons, as some tell, still rais'd from Thee,
Whose Valour ran supplies; and We from thence
Saw Thy new Troops, new Regiments dispence,
Still unshuffled. We can now unfold
Th' ambiguous rumour, and report, which told
And spoke of our Increase: In West, and there,
Two Camps, two Armies for us did appear,
The Cornishmen made One, the Other Fame;
Which reckon'd Thee Stout Granville, and thy Name,
Still as our other Camp: from whence We drew
Fresh Legions still, and thus from handfulls grew
Here, some would chide thy Valour, whose bold Heart
Joyn'd thine own to the Enemies defeat;
And say 'twas rashness in Thee to expose
Thyself a Pikeman, against Horsemen Foes;
As if to fall had been thy Plot, and aim,
And Thou had'st some Ambition to be slain.
'Tis true, indeed, our Conquest had been more;
Had'st Thou liv'd to behold it, with the Store
Of Worthies who escap'd: Since, losing Thee,
We did not Win, but change a Victory.
Yet if to Dye with Honour be a Grace,
If to fall, and to consecrate the place
On which Thou fell'st, and make it sacred Ground,
To all those who surviv'd Thee, and stood round,
Be Nobler then to live: Those Books, which tell
Of ancient Men, who devoted fell,

And yielding up their lives
With their brave souls, and honest hearts
Will always, by the Country, be
Snatcht like a Noble Prince, whose hallow'd breath
Flew from Thos like an Offering; who dyed it twice,
Our Souldier once, and once our Sacrifice.

NOr to be wrought by Malice, Gain, or Pride,
To a Compliance with the Thriving Side;
Not to take Arms for love of Change, or Spight,
But only to maintain Ajusted Right;
Not to dye vainly in pursuit of Fame,
Perverfely seeking after Voice and Name;
Is to Resolve, Fight, Dye, as Martyrs do;
And thus did He, Souldier, and Martyr too.

He might (like some Reserved Men of State,
Who look not to the Cause, but to its Fate)
Have stood aloof, engag'd on Neither Side,
Prepar'd at last to strike in with the Tyde.
But well weigh'd Reason told him, that when Law
Either is Renounc'd, or Misapply'd by the Ave
Of false-nam'd Common-wealth men; when the Right
Of King, and Subject, is suppress'd by Might;
When all Religion either is Refus'd
As meer Pretence, or meerly, as That us'd;
When thus the Fury of Ambition Swells,
Who is not Active, Modestly, Rebels.
Whence, in a just esteem, to Church and Crown
He offered All, and nothing thought his own.
This thrust Him into Action, Whole, and Free;
Knowing no Interest but Loyalty;
Not loving Arms as Arms, or Spight for Spight,
Nor Wastfull, nor yet Sparing of his Life;

A great Exacting of himself, and then
 By fair Commerce to win of Other men;
 Courage, and cunning each had their equal part;
 Councell was added to a Generous Heart;
 Affairs were not by Tumult nor by catch
 At an Affected Fame or Quick Dispatch;
 Things were Propos'd, Debated, and then Done,
 Nor rashly Brook'd, nor vainly Over-lun;
 False Periods no where by Design were made,
 As are by those who make the Warr their Trade;
 The Building still was fix'd to the Ground,
 Whom every Action still was Full and Round.
 We know who blind their Men with specious Lies,
 With Revelations, and with Prophecies,
 Who promise Two things to obtain a Third,
 And are themselves by the like Motives stir'd;
 By no such Engines He His Soldiers draws;
 He knew no Arts, but Courage and the Cause;
 With these he brought them on, as well-train'd men,
 And with these too he brought them off again.

I should, I know, make Him through all the Course
 Of his great Actions, show their Worth and Force;
 But, although all are Handsom, yet we cast
 A more intensive Eye still on the last.

When now th incens'd Rebell proudly came
 Down, like a Torrent without Banks, or Dam;
 When Undersy'd Snarls urg'd on their force,
 That Thunder must come down to stop their Course;
 Or *Granville* must step in; Then *Granville* stood,
 And with Himself oppos'd, and checkt the Flood;
 Conquest, or Death, was all His Thought. So fire
 Either Orecomes, or doth it self expire.
 His Courage work't like Flames, cast heat about;
 Here, there, on this, on that side; None gave out;

Not

Not any Pike in that Renowned Squad,
 But took new Force from His Injured Hand;
 Souldier encourag'd Souldier, Man urg'd Man,
 And He urg'd All: so much Example can
 Hurt upon Hurt, Wound upon Wound did call,
 He was the But, the Mark, the Aim of All:
 His Soul this while retir'd from Cell to Cell,
 At last flew up from all, and then He fell:
 But the Devoted Stand, enraged more
 From that his Fate, ply'd hotter then before,
 And Proud to fall with Him, sworn not to yield,
 Each sought an Honour'd Grave, and gain'd the Field.
 Thus, He being fall'n, his Action sought anew:
 And the Dead conquer'd, whiles the Living flew.
 This was not Natures Courage; nor that thing
 We Valour call, which Time and Reason bring;
 But a Diviner Fury, Fierce, and High,
 Valour transported into Exstasie,
 Which Angells, looking on Us from above,
 Use to convey into the Souls they love.
 You now that boast the Spirit, and its sway,
 Shew Us his Second, and we'll give the Day.
 We know your Politique Axiom—Lurk, or Fly:
 Ye cannot Conquer, 'cause ye dare not Dye.
 And though you thank God, that you lost none there,
 Because Th' were such, who Liv'd not when they were;
 Yet your great Generall (who doth Rise and Fall,
 As his Successes do: whom you dare call,
 As fame unto you doth Reports dispense,
 Either a Traytor, or His Excellence)
 How e're he reigns now by unheard of Laws,
 Could wish His Fate together with his Cause.
 And Thou (Blest Soul) whose Clear Compacted Fame,
 As Amber Bodies Keeps, preserves thy Name,

Whose

Whose Life affords no rest, no quietness,
 Glory for ~~the~~ Substance for the While,
 Go laden up with Sorrow, possess That Seat
 To which the Nations, when th' have done retreat,
 And when they last a happy Period sent
 To these Disturbances, and the Stormy que spent;
 Look down, now say, Oh have my share in All,
 Much Good grew from my Life, Much from my Fall.

William Cartwright.

What We have Lost in Thee, We need not write,
 Thine Epitaphs will do't; and in meer Spite
 Commend Thy Valour, that the World may know,
 In *Granville's* Fall, the Greatness of Our Blow;
 Let them alone to give thee thy whole Due;
 We only need Believe, They can speak True.
 Nor is it fit we should with Tears lament
 That Blood thy Self thought'tt honourably spent;
 And scorn'd from their Alms to draw a Breath,
 From whose Gift nothing's Noble but a Death;
 Lets rather Weep for them, by whom 'twas Spill,
 Whose Best of Courage was but worst of Guilt,
 Who had been Cowards had they Got the Day,
 And shew'd Best Spirits when they Ran away,
 Those pitied things yield matter for a Tear;
 But Thy great Worth moves in a higher Sphair.
 He only Mourne That fight, that Fights like Thee,
 And a fierce Charge is a good Elegie.
 Brave Soul! me thinks I see how thou didst stand
 Directing Victory to the Right Hand,
 How Thou didst set Her up again that Day,
 Who, but for Thee, had almost lost her Way,
 That little Spark (dropt from Eternity)
 Dilated by its self, and Loyalty.

C

How

How is Fought his Bounds; the narrow Span
Of Flesh and Blood that measures our *Span*,
And stoutly durst adventure to oppose
Thy Equall Self against whole Troops of Foes!

May Honour Dwell upon thy Tomb, and keep
Thy Glories waking, while thy Dust doth sleep:
And may that fat'ned Turf, whence Pregnant Fame
Yet Brooding Hovers to keep warm the same,
Grow fruitfull from thy Blood, untill it bring,
A Flower, from whence a second *Mars* may Spring.

William Barker. V

THOU Name of Valour! Heir of all that Worth,
Which Fates with constant Bounty have pow'rd forth
On *Granville's* honour'd Race? In whom did dye
More then their Army, more then Victory
Could recompense, which to that gallant Stand
We owe, from ruine snatcht by thy brave Hand.
Oh I could curse the villains odds! For when
We hazzard Gold, They, but the drops of men,
Bate me the price of sin, the City pay,
And what they steal, in order to obey
The Houses Vote, more then one Regiment
I'll name, wherein not ten are worth what's spent:
Barely in feeding muskets; we've oft lost
Powder, to kill such Rogues doth not quit cost.
And yet tis nobly fought, since conscience
Alone begets those flames, not any feale
Of Triumph; for what honour is't to tell
That here a Sergeant Major Cobler fell,
There a Mechanick Gunner dropt down,
Not fit to serve in any honest Town.
Our Conquest if unpleasant, we must grieve,
And with the punisht Rebels did still live,

well

Reserved

Reserv'd for more ignoble fall; since here
 Justice (though sacred name) was bought too dear.
 Sad Victory! the Frontless faction now
 Thank, yet not mock God for their overthrow.
 Since gladly they would sacrifice a flood
 Out of the Commons veins, for this one blood.
 A thousand lives; and thousand Souls to boot
 They'll give; it costs them naught, let th'fools look to't
 Guilty and wretched Commons! tell me, why
 Only in order to your misery
 You will be Perjur'd Rebels? whence doth flow
 This frantick pleasre, from your sin, or woe?
 Did you improve your safety, did your ground
 Like your deceivers malice, being drown'd
 In blood, more fruitfull grow, you then did sell
 Your Souls for something; but to purchase Hell
 With Poverty, and dangers, that you may
 Be sooner dead, yet whilest you live, a prey,
 Is so rare Phrensy, that you only can
 Be thought to differ in the shape of man
 From wildest beasts. But you are forc't to fight,
 You love your King, and wish He had His Right;
 Yet aw'd take arms against him, money still
 Contribute, Traytors are against your will.
 Unworthy, vain excuse! why should you fear
 Those few seducers? Terrible they were
 By your abused Strength; if you withdraw
 Your Aids, they fall, to the long injur'd Law
 Just Sacrifices; should they carry hence
 Your wealth, they'd leave behind your innocence;
 Leave you return'd to Duty, and to Peace;
 Hating these certain Pledges of increase.

Doubtless Dignity

Plac'd

C :

The

THe Villains now are ripe, let's pay our Vow,
 See *Granvill's* blood stands textured on their brow!
 If their course Veysns an Ocean should disburse
 'Twould not appease, because the more the worse;
 Behold great *Bartue*, *Stuart*, *Compton*, now,
 Sage *Pirrpont*,, and fresh bleeding *Can'endish* too!
 Names that e're long shall strike this perjur'd Crowd,
 And shoot down Vengeance from that Bow ith' Clowd,
 Which shall consume these weeds that Truth may grow,
Granvill hath pawn'd his blood it shall be so.

Great valliant Saint! Loving and lov'd agen,
 (For he that conquers Fear may conquer Men)
 Thy choise was just and early, not adjourn'd
 'Till the great scale at *Reinton* field was turn'd:
 See, *GRANVILL's* up (the mighty *Cornish* crys)
 Which (like a Beacon fir'd) made them All rise,
 Thus rouz'd, thou arm'd their inside day by day,
 Dealt flame and Spirit to them as their pay,
 Clear'd and advanc'd their blood, cast them a new,
 'Till in an instant they stout Gyants grew,
 Then led by Thee, they made vast *Devon* quake,
 So as loose *Stamford* frighted left the stake,
 Whose Fort, Ditch, Bulwark, did but raise thy heart,
 Valour no more is broke then made by Art;
 Nay when thy Powder gone, compell'd to cease)
 That thou must bleed, or yeeld to what should please
 The two new families of *Parliament*;
 Though Ammunition, Courage was not spent,
 Then, then thy steel made them out-run their wheels,
 Leave All, and take nought with them but their heels,
 Thus *Bodmin*, *Stratton* felt thy influence,
 Great *BEVILL's* *Supra* rain'd not empty thence.

But when the Rowt (as th'hill it self) came down
 He grasp'd a spear and underpropt the Crown,

Plac'd.

Plac'd like the flaming Cherubim, laid about
 Stood Guardian, there to keep th' Apostates out,
 Rear'd up like *sampson*, took firm hold o' th' Beam,
 Then pull'd all down, Himself, the House and Them,
 His bleeding corps then on the Mount he hurl'd,
 And fought it out with them in th' other World,
 Till they gave off, letting their Matches burn,
 To light his conquering Ashes to his Urn.

Had thy *Godolphin* staid to help us here,
 His Pen had now took measure of thy spear,
 'T had made thee Emperor of the West and All,
 We blind with tears, see nothing but thy fall,
 Which now doth bleed again, and doubly pierce,
 To loose both *Granvills*, sword, and *Sidney*'s verse.

Cornwall (that glorious Dukedom) hence shall be
 Ador'd, Eternal by Prince CHARLES and Thee,
 Let their cheap Legions live (unfit to dye)
 Who like their weapons strike they know not why.
 Give our just Swords more satisfying dust,
 Thread all the bold Conduits and thrust,
 Scatter the Plot, till all the ill-built frame
 Fall down as tribute to Great BEVILL's Name,
 That Name (which frames all their malice and but wit)
 Shall last as long as They conspire to sit.
 And only heard of by the Poet's pen
 And never more to be forgot by John Burkinhead.

Hey, than give Thanks for Overthrows, had ne'er
 Fairer Presence to God, then they had here,
 Mark't you not midst our latter Triumphs one
 Intruding Sight? Heard you not one sad Cry?
 'T was for the valliant *Granvill*: which one Cross
 Allay'd our Victory, and made it Loss,
Granvill, whose very Name the Rebels found
 Dealing Revenge, and Death in every wound.

While in the fierce Assault they did not know,
 Whether they should with Thee alive, or no;
 How many trembling Ghosts did we enlarge
 To cry Thee meroy in the Second Charge:
 When the enraged Cornish, fierce upon
 Revenge of Thee, cry'd *Granvill*, and kill'd on
 Treasure of Valour! in thy bold Designs
 That Country glories more, then in her Mines.

Thus fell the mighty *Scot*, while the *Poe*
 Trembled, and fear'd the very Overthrow
 Thus in the North our brave *Newcastle* stood,
 With more Success, with Honour no man cou'd,
 Henceforth the Pike we doubly honour'd call;
 From that One Triumph Famed, from this one Fall.

Robert Masters.

H Allow my temples, let my thoughts be dress'd
 In such attire as fits a Poet-Priest:
 That no rude accent may Profane thy name,
 But all things be as spotless as thy Fame;
 That Fame so great, that none but *Granvill* can
 In the next age believe it of a Man.
Granvill! The Cornish *Poet* is shall be,
 And only heard in Songs of Victory
 Th'Eternall Theam of Poets! which shall give
 Strength to their Lines, and make their Verses live.
 Thou that in those black times dar'd'st to be good,
 When Treason was best Virtue, when none cou'd
 Be safe and honest, that almost alone
 Dar'd'st love the King, when a whole Nation
 Was growing one great Rebell; hast him stood,
 And gave the first great stop to th' growing flood;
 Thou Destiny of our bow should'st stray
 That first did'st make us great, that should'st
 Prepara'd

Prepar'd to save a Kingdom, and did give
 Thee Virtue great enough to make it live;
 How with the Ghosts of a host slain Rebels shake
 To see thy Shade? How Brakes and Campden quake
 To find themselves not safe, and that to dye
 Ha's only chang'd the Scene of Victory
 How will their Guilt grow double, when they see
 Thy Shine; twice frighted by themselves and Thee?
 That glorious Shine, that shews the difference
 Of Dying truly in the KINGS defense,
 That though both fall together, and the blood
 Of Traytors and a Patriots, make one flood;
 They in the Shambles, He at the Altar dies,
 They fall as Beasts, and He a Sacrifice.

Now may those Rebels one Thankgiving make
 And not Blasphemy, nor fair Truth Scandal take
 Thy death makes honest all their thick-skinn'd Lyes,
 From which alone all their feigned victories
 Grow truths: How had We lost in that one stroke
 A Kingdom, had not such brave Virtue broke
 From thy Example, as did strike a flame
 Into thy Followers, great as was thy Name;
 Yet, let them boast their Conquest if they can,
 Wee've gained an Army, and have lost a Man;
 And let them preach Thee slain, since from thy Death
 A Thousand almost ~~have~~ ^{are} gather breath.

So when the Sun's forc'd hence by Sable Night,
 Myriads of Stars spring from his falling light.

Yet boast not Senate, how He could not Dy;
 Untill he had obtain'd the Victory;
 Death waited for that minute, that he should stand
 Might live more glorious through his noble Fate.

Methinks

Methinks I now behold Him as Hee stood
 (Undaunted Spirit!) when that stately wood
 Of Pikes march'd by; when like a Captain Oake
 He led that underwood, and took that stroke
 Which should have fell'd the Grove: I see him stand
 Dispensing Valour by his brave Command,
 And braver Actions, the Souldiers swords
 Being whetted by's Example, and his Words.
 Would this were real; but our fancies move
 Not guided by our knowledge, but our Love.

I could lament His Death; but that I know
 All accents of our grief are far below
 His vaster merit: rather let my Steel
 Revenge his Death, and make their Conqueror feel
 The anger of his Ghost; who flly fled
 From *Graville* but a Ghost from *Graville* dead.
 Go weep for Cowards; he who bravely Dies
 Ought to have Musick at his Obssequies.

You happy souls who have the sacred trust
 Of his dead ashes: form no Coward dust
 Come near his Urn: 'tis fit his ashes lie
 Where there is none but Valiant Company
 Near *Lindsey's*, *Dunbar's*, *son Northumb's* side
 (Who Conquer'd dying) raise his *Pyramide*
 Which may restore him to the World again
 A Conqueror of Time, as well as Men.

Wisdom directs, when Justice dictates right,
 And Courage (if provok'd) then bids men fight:
 Wisdom to *Graville* said, thy *Catiff* friends
 Are mates enough to work thy noble ends:
 'Tis fit (spake Justice) to defend a Crown
 Then fight (said Courage) gain thee brave renown.

And

And Fame said to him, if thou dy'st, then I
Will keep thy Everlasting memory;
Fate only frown'd; *Granville* obeys; commands
While Fate contriv'd his Death by Rebels hands;
Yet Friends, and Country do conserve his Name,
With Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, and Fame.

Henry Love.

Heroic Martyr, whose Immortal death
Inliven'd here, giving our Realm new breath,
(For when the Sun setts bloody in the West,
The day still rises brighter in the East)
How Loyal wert Thou, when the general ring
Was heard *No Bishops*, while they meant *No King*;
And only to wrong *Charles* was to be true,
As robbing of the Church pay'd Heav'n it's due:
When too much Liberty did us enthrall,
And all Religions turn'd to none at all;
Whilst Rebel *Members* gainst their Head aim'd darts,
Voting Him none, by Whom they all are parts;
And their *Militia* fought Him, for his aid,
To make Him *Great*, when *Public Faith* is paid!
'Mong these Self-contradictours You prov'd still
Faithfull; and free to die, as they to Kill:
Like *Decius*, a Devoted Sacrifice,
Most sure to fall, yet by thy fall to rise:
Whose *Brittish* acts did *Pompey's* words retrieve,
Wee needs must Stand, wee must not needs Survive.

When on the Mount Himself a Mount withstood
For th' Iron age too suitable a Brood,
(Who were *Achilles* like, as far as Steel
And *Styx* could doe't, all proof, but in the Heel)
Courage was all his Shield, his Gorgon's head,
Striking with blowes, and with amazement dead;
While from his wounds what valiant blood did post,
Most animated Him, when bravely lost;

D

Seeming

Seeming some *Mortal* they yet in *Heaven* did
 Cause they had fear enough to make Him so:
 They that first *Swinger*, than He took the field,
 Worse Cowards when they fight, than when they yield:
 Like timorous Hare-Knights at each snort they start;
 Or *Rome's* fam'd Ow, of metal void, and heart.

But this stout Champion triumph't in his fall,
 And when Hee was most conquer'd, conquer'd all;
 As lofey Castles, when they sink, dilate
 The ruine round about, and scatter fate.
 Nay his loss routed, whilst his Army thriv'd,
 Heirs to fresh Spirit through his death deriv'd;
 Which by a Transmigration, as it ran
 In one before, dwell't then in every man.

His Ancestourst our *Norman* King ally'd,
 Who fought belowe Covictors by his side,
 Him from above their glory law, and shame
 They living won; his Carcass overcame
 Which, that it self a plain reward might have,
 Obtein'd a posthume Earldom in the grave.
 Thus *Cowes* fell; yet all his Dignitye
 Sunk with Himself: but whilst our Offering dies
 His Off-spring here growe Peers, Hee in the Skys

Henry Birdbeard

THE CLOSE.

THUS slain thy Valiant Ancestour did lye,
 When His One Bark a Navy did defie
 When now encompass'd round, He Victor stood,
 And bath'd His Pinnace in his Conquering Bloud;
 Till all His Purple Current dry'd, and spent,
 He fell, and made the Waves his Monument.
 Where shall thy next famous *Grainville* Albies stand?
 Thy Grandfiere fills the Seas, and Thou the Land.

Martin L. Llewellyn.

His

His Majesties Letter to Sir Bevill Granvill, after the great
Victory Obtained over the Rebels, at the Battel of Stratton.

To Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Sir Bevill Granvill,
at Our Army in Cornwall.

CHARLES R.

Right Trusty and Well-beloved, Wee greet you Well.
Wee have seen your Letter to *Endymion Porter* Our
Servant: But your whole Conduct of Our Affairs in the
West, doth speak your Zeal to Our Service and the Pub-
lick Good in so full a Measure, as Wee Rest abundantly
satisfy'd with the Testimony thereof: Your Labours and
your Expences Wee are graciously sensible of: And
Our Royall Care hath been to ease you in all that Wee
could. What hath fallen short of Our Princely Purposes,
and your Expectations, Wee know you will attribute to
the great malignity of the Rebellion Wee had, and have
here to wrestle withall: And Wee know well, how
effectuall a diversion of that milchievous strength you
have made from us at your own great hazards: Wee
assure you Wee have all tender sence of the hardness you
have endured, and the State wherein you stand: Wee
shall not fail to procure you what speedy relief may be:
In the mean space Wee send you Our most hearty Thanks
for some encouragement, and assurances in the Word of a
Gracious Prince, that (God enabling us) Wee shall so re-
spect upon your faithfull Services, as you and yours shall
have cause to acknowledge Our Bounty and Favour:
And so Wee bid you heartily farewell. Given at Our
Court at Oxford the 2. day of March, 1648.

Willm

D a

His

*His Majesty's Gracious Letter to the County of Cornwall, after
the Death of Sir Bevil Granville, and those other Eminent
Persons Slain in his Majesties Service, Namely, Arundell,
Molun, Slanng, Trevanion, Godolphin, &c.*

CHARLES R.

WE are so highly sensible of the extraordinary Merit
of Our Countrey of *Cornwall*, of their Zeal for the De-
fence of Our Person, and the Just Rights of Our Crown,
(in a time, when We could contribute so little to Our
Own Defence, or to their Assistance; in a time, when
not only no Reward appeared; but great and probable
Dangers were threatened to Obedience and Loyalty;) of
their great and eminent Courage and Patience in their in-
defatigable Prosecution of their great Work against so
potent an Enemy, backed with so Strong, Rich, and Po-
pulous Cities; and so plentifully furnished and supplied
with Men, Arms, Money, Ammunition, and Provision
of all kinds; and of the wonderfull success, with which
it hath pleased Almighty God (though with the loss of
some most eminent Persons, who shall never be forgotten
by Us) to reward their Loyalty and Patience by many
strange Victories over their and Our Enemies, in despite
of all humane probability, and all imaginable disadvan-
tages; That as We cannot be forgetfull of so great De-
serts, so We cannot but desire to publish to all the World,
and perpetuate to all Time, the Memory of these their
Merits, and of Our Acceptance of the same. And to that
end, We do hereby render Our Royal Thanks to that Our
Countrey, in the most Publick and most Lasting manner
We can devise, Commanding Copies hereof to be
Printed and Published; and one of them to be read in
every Church and Chappel therein, and to be kept
for ever as a Record in the same, That as long as the
History

History of these Times, and of this Nation shall continue the memory of how much that Country hath merited from Us and Our Crown, may be derived with it to Posterity. *Given at Our Camp at SUDELEY Castle the Tenth of September. 1643.*

The Gracious Patent of his Majesty King Charles the First
for the County of Cornwall.

CHARLES By the Grace of God King of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.* To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting, *Know Ye*, that Wee out of Our Princely Contemplation of of the many and extraordinary faithfull Services to Us of late performed, by Our County of *Cornwall*; And for their better Incouragement to proceed in their Duty and Allegiance to Our Person, and Crown of *England*, and for divers other Good Causes and Considerations Us thereunto especially moving, *Have* out of Our Special Grace, certain Knowledge, and meer Motion, *Given and Granted*, and by these Presents, for Us Our Heirs and Successors, do Give and Grant unto all and every the Men and Inhabitants, Our Leige Subjects of Our Kingdom of *England*, within the said County of *Cornwall*, now being, or hereafter to be, That they and every of them by themselves, or any of them, their or any of their Factors, Agents, or Servants, shall and may have Liberty and Freedom from time to time, and at all times for ever hereafter, to Trades Traffick, and Commerce with their Ships, and other Vessels, and their Goods and Merchandize unto and from the Havens, Towns, and all Ports and Places within the Dominion of the King of *Denmark*, and Great Duke of *Muscovy*; And all Ports and places within the *Levant Seas*; And unto all and from all and every of them whilf respectively.

Give they, or any of them, are or shall be in Amity
 with Us, Our Heirs or Successors; whether the Merchants
 of Our *East-India, Russia, & Turkey Companies of London*, &
 the Merchants of the Company of Merchant-Adventurers
 of *London*, or of any, or either of them; do, or may Trade,
 and into and from all other Ports and places whatsoever
 beyond the Seas, for the time being in Amity, with Us,
 Our Heirs and Successors; whether any of the Subjects
 for the time being of Us, Our Heirs and Successors, for
 such time or times, do or may Trade, Traffick, or Com-
 merce; in as full, ample, and beneficial manner, as *Wee*
Can grant the same; Saving always to Us, Our Heirs
 and Successors from the said Men and Inhabitants of Our
 said County of *Cornwall*, their Factors and Agents to be
 duly paid unto Us, Our Heirs, and Successors, to Our and
 their Use, All such Customs and other Duties and Pay-
 ments upon, and for their Merchandizes and Goods to be
 Exported and Imported, as shall from time to time become
 due and payable to Us, Our Heirs and Successors in that
 respect. Likewise saving all Rights, Duties, or Payments
 any way belonging too or in respect of the Dutchy of
Cornwall; Yielding and Paying thereof unto Us, Our
 Heirs and Successors the Sum of Four Shillings of Law-
 full English Money, to be paid unto the hands of the
 Sheriff of the County of *Cornwall*, at the Feast of *All-Saints*
 Yearly. And hereby for Us, Our Heirs and Successors,
 Willing and Commanding, that all the Officers and every
 the Ministers of what Nature, Condition, or Degree so-
 ever, and all other the Subjects of Us, Our Heirs and
 Successors whom these shall or may any ways concern,
 to take Special notice to all intents and purposes as they
 and every of them shall respectively answer the contrary
 at their perills. And *Wee* do hereby for Us, Our Heirs
 and Successors, further Promise and Grant, unto the
 aforesaid

aforesaid Men and Inhabitants of our said County of
Cornwall, as well present as to come; that if, and as often as
 any doubts or questions shall happen to arise for, touching,
 or concerning, the Validity of these Our Letters-Patents;
 That then, and so often upon the Humble Petition of the
 foresaid Men & Inhabitants of Our said County of *Cornwall*
 to Us, Our Heirs, & Successors, exhibited, or upon Notice
 or Certificate to Us, Our Heirs, and Successors, by the
 Learned of Council, of the aforesaid Men and Inhabitants
 of Our said County of *Cornwall*, touching any Defect re-
 quisite to be Amended; Wee, Our Heirs, and Successors,
 will Graciously Grant Other Letters-Patents unto the said
 Men and Inhabitants of Our said County of *Cornwall*, with
 such and so many Amendments, Explications, Amplifica-
 tions, and Additions, as by the said Council of the afore-
 said Men and Inhabitants of Our said County of *Cornwall*
 shall be advised, and thought fit; And which any way
 may tend to the Confirmation of These Our Letters-Pa-
 tents, or to the Perfection of Our Intention before, in
 these Presents, any way appearing. And Wee further Will,
 And by these Presents for Us, Our Heirs, and Successors,
 do Grant unto the aforesaid Men and Inhabitants of Our
 said County of *Cornwall*, as well Present as to Come, that
 these Our Letters-Patents, or the Inrolment thereof shall
 be in all things Firm, Valid, Good, and Sufficient, and
 Effectual, in the Law, against Us, Our Heirs, and Sucef-
 sors, as well in all Courts as elsewhere, within Our
 Kingdom of *England*, without any Confirmation, License,
 or Toleration, from Us, Our Heirs, or Successors, any
 way hereafter to be procured or obtained; *Notwith-*
standing the not finding of Office, or Offices, Inquisition
 or Inquisitions, by which Our Title, in the *places*
 ought to be found, before the making of these Our Let-
 ters-Patents. And *Notwithstanding* that the aforesaid Men
 and

& Inhabitants of Our County of Cornwall in Constitution of Law be not reputed a Corporation or Body Politick nor Capable in Law to hold the Privilege of these Benefits Granted; any Statute, Act, Ordinance, Proclam or Provision heretofore Had, Made, Enacted, Ordained, or Provided, or any other Thing, Cause or Matter Inever to the Contrary hereof, in any wise Notwithstanding. In Witness whereof Wee have caused these our Letters to be made Patents, Witnels Our self at Oxford the Twenty Sixth day of January in the Nineteenth Year of Our Reigne.

Per bre^e de Privato Sigillo.

A True Account of His Majesties Particular Grace and Favour to the Loyal Towns & Burroughs within the Dutchy of Cornwall; by the Mediation of the Right Honourable John Earl of Bath; Lord Lieutenant & High Steward of the said Dutchy, and Lord-Warden of the Stanneries, &c.

Whitehall, December 12. 1684.

THe Right Honourable the Earl of Bath being lately at His Government of Plymouth, to Settle by His Majesties Command the Affairs of that Garrison, and the Militia of Cornwall under His Lieutenancy, the several Towns and Burroughs within the Dutchy of Cornwall, who had Unanimously and with great Chearfulness resolved to Surrender their Charters and Franchises to His Majesty, made their Applications to His Lordship as their Lieutenant, to Intercede with His Majesty, that they might, by reason of the great distance, be excused from their Personal Attendance with their Surrenders and Charters: To which His Majesty being pleased to Condescend, the said Corporations delivered their Surrenders

to His Lordship for His Majesties Use; humbly praying Him to lay them at His Majesties Feet: Which His Lordship at His return hither having done accordingly, with a Petition on their behalf, His Majesty was pleased Graciously to accept of them, and to Command His Lordship to assure the said Corporations, That He very well remembered the Duty and Loyalty of that County in the worst Times of Rebellion; and was well pleased with this fresh Demonstration of it by them.

Which above-mentioned Signification of His Majesties Pleasure, was by His Majesties Command Ordered to be Printed in the *Gazette*, and which was done accordingly.

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

The Humble Petition of *John Earl of Bath*, Your Majesties Lieutenant of Cornwall, and Lord Warden of Your Majesties Stanneries, &c.

Sheweth,

That the Mayors and Burgesses of the several Towns and Burroughs within Your Majesties Duchy of Cornwall, against whom Writs of Quo Warranto were lately Issued, have Unanimously with great Chearfulness, and some Emulation who should be most forward, (excepting only one small insufferable Burrough) expressed an entire Submission and Deference to Your Royal Pleasure; and have Desired and Entrusted Your Petitioner to lay the respective Surrenders of their Franchises and Privileges, and the Charters by which they claim the same, with their Customs and Prescriptions, at Your Majesties Royal Feet; Humbly beseeching Your Majesty to Grant and Confirm their Ancient Franchises and Privileges, with such Additions, Alterations and Reservations as Your Majesty in Your Great and Royal Wisdom shall think fit.

E

The

they hold either by Antient Prescription or by Letters Patent, or by any other Title, that they will be Graciously Pleased to excuse their Personal Absence from Your Royal Palace, gives Your said Petitioner your humblest thanks, and that they will be Graciously Pleased to pray in their Behalf, That Your Majesty will be Graciously Pleased to excuse their Personal Absence from Your said Surrenders and Charters, and to receive them from the Hands of Your said Petitioner, and that their several and respective new Charters may pass the Great Seal, and other Offices without Fees, or other Charges. Which Royal Bounty will greatly Encourage Them, and all Your Majesties other Loyal Subjects within Your said Duchy, in that Duty and Loyalty which they on this Occasion, as their Ancestors with most of their Countrymen in the worst Times of Rebellion, to the ruine of their Estates, and loss of their nearest and dearest Relations, have according to their Duty most readily and faithfully impressed.

And Your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.

BATHE.

Unto which said Petition, His Majesty was Pleased to return this Gracious Answer following, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Sunderland, His Majesties Principal Secretary of State.

WHereas the several Towns and Burroughs within the Counties of Cornwall and Devon, mentioned in the List hereunto annexed, have voluntarily surrendered unto His Majesty by the Hands of the Right Honourable the Earl of Bathe, their Lord Lieutenant, all their Charters, with their Franchises and Priviledges, which they

they hold either by Ancient Custom, Prescription or otherwise, humbly beseeching His Majesty to Regrant them new Charters, with such Alterations, Additions and Reservations as His Majesty shall think fit: His Majesty having taken the same into His Consideration, and also the humble Petition of the said Earl of *Barth*, representing the many Eminent and Signal Services, Loyalty and great Sufferings of the said Towns and Country, in general, during the worst Times of Rebellion, which His Majesty himself well remembers, and being therefore Graciously pleased to accept of the said Surrenders from the Hands of the said Earl, excusing their Personal Attendance, His Majesty is pleased to Command Me to signify His Pleasure, That the several New Charters which shall be Granted to the said Towns and Burroughs, pass the respective Offices and Seals without Paying Fees; Whereof all Persons whom it may concern are to take Notice.

Given at the Court at Whitehall, the 10th Day of December, 1684.

Sunderland.

DEVONSHIRE

*A List of the several Surrenders of the Towns and Burroughs
within the County of Cornwall*

By the Right Honourable the Earl of Bath.

CORNWALL.

<p>L Anceston. Truro. Lostwithial. Bodman. Liskeard. Penryn by the Mayor and Magistrates. Penryn by the Portreave and Burgesses. Mitchell alias Midsball, by Sir John Arundell, Lord of the Mannor. Mitchell alias Midsball, by the Mayor, Portreave and Burgesses. St. Ives by the Mayor, Por- treave and Burgesses. St. Mawes by Sir Joseph Tredinham, Lord of the Mannor.</p>	<p>St. Mawes by the Mayor and Burgesses. Callington by Samuel Rolle Esq; Lord of the Mannor. Callington by the Mayor, Portreave and Burgesses. Foy by the Mayor, Por- treave and Burgesses. Grampond. Tregony. East Loc. West Loc. Camelford. Boffing alias Treravell. St. Germans by Mr. Elliot Lord of the Mannor. St. German by the Por- treave and Burgesses. Helston. Saltash.</p>
--	--

Surrendered before, and
 New Charters accord-
 ing to His Majesties
 present Regulation.

DEVONSHIRE.

<p>P Lympston. Albburston. Bideford. Bradninch.</p>	<p>Plymouth. Tavestock.</p>	<p>Surrendered before, & New Charters accord- ing to his Majesties present Regulation.</p>
---	--	---

*Barth.
 Because*

A REPORT of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Azores, the Last of August 1588. Betwixt the Revenge, One of her Majesties Ships Commanded by Sir Richard Granvill, commonly called Grenvill, Vice Admiral, and an Armada of the King of Spain; Penned by the Honourable Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight.

BECAUSE the Rumours are diversly spread, as well in England, as in the Low Countries, and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesties Ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards according to their usuall manner, fill the world with their vain-glorious vanity, making great appearance of victories, when on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonoured; thereby hoping to possess the ignorant multitude by anticipating & fore-running false reports. It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and darkness; that the beginning, continuance and Success of this late Honourable Encounter of Sir Richard Granvill, and other her Majesties Captains, with the Armada of Spain, should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel, that the Spaniards should seek by false and Slanderous Pamphlets, advices and Letters, to cover their own loss, and to derogate from others their due Honour, especially in this Fight, being performed far off. Seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588. when they purposed the Invasion of this Land, to publish in Sundry Languages in Print, great victories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this Realm; and spread the same

Fame in a most false sort over all parts of *France, Italy, and*
elsewhere. Which shortly after it was happily counter-
 ed in very deed to all Nations, how their Navy which
 they termed invincible, consisting of 40 *Ships of War*,
 not only of their own Kingdom, but strengthened with
 the greatest *Argosies, Portugal Caracks, Florentines, & huge*
hulks of other Countreys, were by 30 of her Majesties
Ships of War, and a few of our own Merchants, by the
Wise, Valiant, and advantageous Conduct of the Lord
Charles Howard, High-Admirall of England, beaten and
 shuffled together; even from the *Lizard in Cornwall,* first
 to *Portland,* where they shamefully left *Don Pedro de*
Villeda, with his mighty Ship; from *Portland* to *Cales*
 where they lost *Alvaro de Moxca,* with the *Galles,* of
 which he was Captain, & from *Cales* driven with Squibs
 from their Anchors, were chased out of the sight of *Eng-*
land, round about *Scotland* and *Ireland.* Where for the
 Sympathy of their barbarous Religion, hoping to find
 Succour and assistance, a great part of them were trodden
 against the Rocks, and those other that landed, being ve-
 ry many in number, were notwithstanding broken, slain,
 and taken, and so sent from Village to Village coupled in
 halters, to be shipped into *England:* Where her Majesty
 of her Princely and Invincible disposition, disdaining to
 put them to death, and scorning either to retain or en-
 tertain them; they were all sent back again to their
 Countreys, to witness and recount the worthy Achieve-
 ments of their Invincible and Dreadfull Navy: Of which
 the number of Souldiers, the fearfull burthen of their
 Ships, the Commanders names of every Squadron, with
 all other their Magazines of provisions, were put in
 Print, as an Army and Navy unresistable, and disdain-
 ing prevention. With all which so great and terrible
 ostentation, they did not in all their Sailing receive a

but what is more, as much as that of taking one Ship, Bark, or Pinnace, or Cock-boat of ours. Or else to hurt so much as one Sheepcote of this Land; Whereas on the contrary, Sir *Francis Drake* with only 800. Souldiers not long before, landed in their *Indies*, and fortified *Saint Jago*, *Santa Domingo*, *Cartagena*, and the fort of *Florida*.

And after that, Sir *John Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of Souldiers; to the gate of *Lisbone*, being about 40. English miles. Where the *Earl of Essex* himself, and other valiant Gentlemen braved the City of *Lisbone*, encamped at the very gate; from whence, after many days abode, finding neither promised party, nor provision to batter; they made retreat by Land, in despite of all their Garrisons, both of Horse and Foot. In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose; only by the necessary comparison of these and our actions. The one covetous of honour without shame of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs, and by false Rumors to resist the blast of their own dishonours, as they will not only not blush to spread all manner of Untruths. But even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor Adventurer of the *English*, will celebrate the Victory with Bonfires in every Town, labouring more in Pageants, than the purchase was worth they obtained. When as we never thought it worth the consumption of two Billes, when we have taken Eight or Ten of their *Indian Ships* at one time, and Twenty of the *Brasil Fleet*: Such is the difference between true Valour, and Ostentation: and between Honourable Actions, and frivolous Vain glorious vanities. But now to return to my purpose.

The *Lord Thomas Howard* with Six of her Majesties Ships, Six Victuallers of *London*, the *Bark Raleigh*, and two

two or three other *Pinasses*, riding to *Salisbury* into *Flower*, one of the *West*, *Wester* of the *Arm*, the last of *August* in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain *Middleton* of the approach of the *Spanish Armada*. Which *Middleton* being in a very good Sailer, had kept them Company three days before of good purpose, both to discover their Forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord *Thomas* of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the Fleet was in sight: many of our Ships Companies were on Shore in the *Island*; some providing ballast for their Ships; others filling of Water, and refreshing themselves from the Land, with such things as they could either for Money, or by Force recover. By reason whereof our Ships being all pestered and romaging every thing out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every Ship sick, and utterly unserviceable: For in the *Revenge* there were Ninety diseases; in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her Main Sail. For had not Twenty men been taken out of a *Bark* of *Sr George Carey*, his being commanded to be sunk, and whole appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered *England*. The rest, for the most part, were in little better State. The Names of her Majesties Ships were these as followeth, the *Defiance*, which was *Admiral*, the *Revenge* Vice *Admiral*, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captain *Crosse*, the *Lion* by *George Fenner*, the *Forefight* by Mr *Thomas Vavasour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffield*, the *Forefight* and the *Crane* being but small Ships; only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the *Bark Raleigh*, commanded by Captain *Thia*, were *Victuallers*, and of small force or none. The *Spanish Fleet* having throwded

threatened their approach by reason of the *Storm*; were
 so soon at hand; as our Ships had scarce time to
 weigh their Anchors, but some of them were driven
 to let slip their Cables and let sail. *Sr Richard Gran-*
vill was the last that weighed, to recover the men that
 were upon the *Island*, which otherwise had been lost.
 The Lord *Thomas*, with the rest very hardly reco-
 vered the Wind, which *Sr Richard Granvill* not being
 able to do, was persuaded by the Master, and others,
 to cut his Main Sail, and cast about, and to trust to
 the Sailing of the Ship; for the Squadron of *Swiss* were
 on his Weather Bow. But *Sr Richard* utterly refused
 to turn from the Enemies, alledging that he would ra-
 ther choose to dye, then to dishonour himself, his Coun-
 try, and her Majesties Ship, persuading his Company
 that he would pass through the two Squadrons, in de-
 spite of them, and enforce those of *Swiss* to give him
 way. Which he performed upon divers of the formost,
 who, as the Mariners term it, sprang their Luff, and
 fell under the Lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course
 had been the better, and might right well have been
 answered, in so great an impossibility of Prevailing.
 Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he
 could not be persuaded. In the mean while as he at-
 tended those which were nearest him, the great *San*
Philip being in the Wind of him, and coming towards
 him, becalmed his Sails in such sort, as the Ship could
 neither make way, nor feel the Helm: so huge and
 high-carg'd was the *Spanish* Ship, being of a Thousand
 and Five Hundred Tuns, who after laid the *Revenge*
 aboard. When he was thus bereft of his Sails, the Ships
 that were under his lee luffing up, also laid him aboard:
 of which the next was the *Admiral of the Biscaine*, a
 very mighty and puissant Ship commanded by *Brutan-*

done, the said *Philip* carried three tire of Ordnance on a side, and eleven Pieces in every tire. She shot Eight forth-right out of her Chale, besides those of her Stern-Ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four other boarded her; two on her Larboard, and two on her Starboard. The Fight thus beginning at three of the Clock in the Afternoon, continued very terrible all that Evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the Lower Tire of the *Revenge*, Discharged with Cross-bar shot, Shifted her self with all diligence from her sides, utterly mistaking her first entertainment. Some say that the Ship Foundred, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish Ships were filled with Companys of Souldiers, in some Two Hundred, besides the Mariners, in some Five, in others Eight Hundred. In ours there were none at all beside the Mariners, but the Servants of the Commanders, and some few Voluntary Gentlemen only. After many interchanged Vollies of Great Ordnance and Small Shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the Multitudes of their Armed Souldiers and Musketers, but were still repulled again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own Ships, or into the Seas. In the beginning of the Fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some Shot morow her by the *Armadaz*, fell under the Lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sr Richard what he would Command him, being but one of the Victualers and of small force: Sr Richard bid him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the Fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the Day lasted, and some hours of the Night, many of our Men were slain and hurt, and one of the

the great Gallions of the *Armada*, and the Admiral of the
 Harks both Sunk, and in many other of the *Spanish Ships*
 great Slaughter was made. Some writethat Sir Richard
 was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the
 Fight, and lay Speechless for a time ere he Recovered;
 But two of the *Revenge*'s own Company, brought home
 in a Ship of *Lime* from the *Islands*, Examined by some
 of the Lords, and Others, testified that he was never
 so Wounded as that he forsook the Upper Deck, till
 an hour before Midnight; and then being shot into the
 Body with a Musket, as he was a dressing, was again
 shot into the Head, and withall, his Chirurgion wounded
 to death. This agreeth also with an Examination taken
 by Sir *Francis Godolphin*, of four other Mariners of the
 same Ship being returned, which Examination, the
 said Sir *Francis* sent unto Master *William Kitteridge*, of
 her Majesties Privy Chamber.

But to return to the Fight, The *Spanish Ships* which
 attempted to Boord the *Revenge*, as they were wounded
 and beaten off, so allways others came in their places,
 she having never less then two mighty Gallions by
 by her sides, and aboard her: So that ere the Morn-
 ing, from Three of the Clock the day before, there
 had Fifteen severall *Armadas* assailed her, and all so ill
 approved their entertainment, as they were by the
 break of day, far more willing to hearken to a Com-
 position, then hastily to make any more Assaults or
 Eggeries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased:
 and as the fight grew more and more, by so much
 more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in
 fight but enemies, saving one small Ship called the
Fabrin, commanded by *Jacob Whimdon*, who hovered
 all night to see the Success: but in the morning
 bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a Hare a-

mongst many venomous Flounds, but escape. Ids 280

All the Powder of the *Revenge* to the last Harrell was now spent, all her Pikes broken, Forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the Fight she had but one hundred free from Sicknels, and fourscore and ten Sick, laid in Hold upon the Ballast. A small Troup to man such a Ship, and a weak Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and entrings of fifteen Ships of War, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with Souldiers brought from every Squadron: all manner of Arms and Powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of Ships, Men, or Weapons; the Masters all beaten over board, all her tackle cut a sunder, her upper work altogether rased, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a Ship, nothing being left over-head either for flight or defence. Sir *Richard* finding himself in this distrels, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours Fight, the Assault of fifteen severall Armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred Shot of great Artillery, besides many Assaults and Entries; and that Himself and the Ship must needs be possessed by the Enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and pillow of the Sea) commanded the *Master Gunner*, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to spin and sink the Ship, that thereby nothing might remain of Glory or Victory to the Spaniards: Seeing in so many hours fight, and with so great a Navy they were

not able to take her, having had Fifteen hours time, above ten Thousand Men and Fifty and three Sail of Men of War to perform it withall: and perswaded the Company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else: but as they had, like Valiant Resolute Men, repulsed so many Enemies, they should not now shorten the Honour of their Nation, by prolonging their own Lives for a few Hours, or a few Days. The *Master Gunner* readily condescended and divers others; but the *Captain* and the *Master* were of another opinion, and besought *Sr Richard* to have care of them; alledging that the *Spaniards* would be as ready to entertain a Composition, as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being divers sufficient and Valiant Men yet living, and whole Wounds were not Mortall, they might do their Country and Prince acceptable Service hereafter. And where as, *Sir Richard* had alledged that the *Spaniards* should never Glory to have taken one Ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered, that the Ship had Six-foot Water in hold, Three shot under Water, which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the Sea, she must needs Sink, and was besides so Crushed and Bruised, as she could never be removed out of the Place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and *Sr Richard* refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the *Master* of the *Revenge* (while the *Captain* was unto him the greater Party) was conveyed aboard the *General Don Alfonso Bixan*. Who (finding none over-hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting least *Sr Richard* would have Blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the Report of the *Master* of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition)

disposition) yielded that all their Lives might be saved, the Company sent for *England*, and the better sort to pay such reasonable Ransom as their Estate would bear, and in the mean Season to be free from *Gallie*, or *Imprisonment*. To this he so much the rather complied as well as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover *Sir Richard Granvill*, whom for his notable Valour he seemed greatly to Honour and Admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of Life was promised, the Common Sort being now at the end of their Perill, the most draw back from *Sir Richard*, and the *Master Gunner*; being no hard matter to dissuade men from Death to Life. The *Master Gunner* finding himself and *Sir Richard* thus prevented and Mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a Sword, had he not been by force withheld and looked into his Cabin. Then the Generall sent many Boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing *Sir Richards* disposition, Stole away aboard the General and other Ships; *Sir Richard* thus over-matched was sent unto by *Alfonso Bazan* to remove out of the *Revenge*, the Ship being Marvellous unfavoury, filled with Blood and Bodies of Dead, and Wounded men like a Slaughter-house. *Sir Richard* answered, that he might do with his Body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the Ship he Sounded, and Reviving again desired the Company to pray for him. The General used *Sir Richard* with all Humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his Recovery, highly commending his Valour and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a Rare Spectacle, and a Resolution seldom approved, to see one Ship turn towards

so many Enemies to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armada, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many Shoulders. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish Captain of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the Rest in a Storm, was by the *Lion of London*, a small Ship taken, & is now Prisoner in London.

The General Commander of the Armada, was Don Alphonso Bazan, Brother to the Marquess of Santa Cruz. The Admiral of the *Biscaine Squadron*, was *Britandona*, of the Squadron of Sir the Marquess of Aramburch. The Halks and Flyboats were Commanded by Luis Continho. There were Slain and Drowned in this fight, well near One Thousand of the Enemies, and Two special Commanders Don Luis de Sant John, and Don George de Prunaris de Mallaga, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admiral of the Halks and the *Ascension of Sir* were both Sunk by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered, the Rode of Saint Michael, and sunk also there; a fourth ran her self with the Shore to save herself. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or Third day aboard the General, & was by them greatly bevailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the Sea or on the Land we know not: the comfort that remaineth to his Friends is, that he hath ended his Life honourably, in respect of the reputation won to his Nation and Country, and of the same to his Posterity, and that being dead, he hath not out-lived his own honour.

For the rest of her Majesties Ships that entered not so far into the Fight as the *Revenge*, the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all whereof

(42)

Whereof two but small Ships: the *Revenge* and the
recovery: The *Mass* of *Spain* was on the one
33. Sall of the *Spanish*, divided into Squadrons, one
other, all as full filled with Soldiers, as they could
contain: Almost the one half of our men sick and un-
able to serve: The Ships grown foul, unromaged, and
scarcely able to bear any Sall for want of Ballast, having
been six months at the Sea before: If all the rest had
entred, all had been lost: for the very hugeness of the
Spanish Fleet, if no other Violence had been offered,
would have crusht them between them, into Shivers.
Of which the dishonour and loss to the Queen had
been far greater then the spoil or harm that the En-
emy could any way have received. Notwithstanding it
is very true, that the Lord *Thomas* would have entred
between the Squadrons, but the rest would not con-
descend, and the Master of his own Ship offered to
leap into the Sea, rather then to conduct that her Ma-
jesties Ship, and the rest, to be a prey to the Enemy,
where there was no hope nor Possibility either of De-
fence or Victory. Which also in my opinion, had it
forced or answered the discretion and trust of a Ge-
nerall, to commit himself and his charge to an assured
destruction, without hope, or any likelihood of pre-
vailling: thereby to diminish the Strength of her Ma-
jesties Navy, and to enrich the pride and glory of the
Enemy. The *Parish* of the Queens commanded by
Mr *Thomas* *Paulson* performed a very great Fight, and
stood two hours as near the *Revenge* as as the Weather
would permit him, not forsaking the Fight, till he
was like to be encompassed by the Squadrons, and
with great difficulty cleared himself. The rest gave
divers volleys of Shot, and entred as far as the place
permitted, and their own necessities, to keep the weather



...until they were parted by night.
The Fight was ended, and the *English*
Prisoners delivered into the *Spanish* and *Indian* Ships,
there arose to great a Storm from the *West* and *North*
... that all the Fleet was dispersed, as well the *Indian*
Fleet which were then come unto them, as the rest of
the *Armada* that attended their Arrival, of which 14
Sail, together with the *Revenge* and in her 200 *Spaniards*,
were cast away upon the *Ile* of *St. Michael*. So it pleased
them to honour the burial of that renowned Ship the
Revenge, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great
honour she achieved in her life time. On the rest of
the *Armada* there were cast away in this Storm 15 or
16 more of the Ships of War: and of an hun-
dred and odd Sail of the *Indian* Fleet, expected this
year in *Spain*. What in this Tempest, and what before
in the *Bay* of *Mexico*, and about the *Bermudas*, there
were 70 and odd consumed and lost, with those tak-
en by our Ships of *London*, besides one very rich *In-*
dia Ship, which set her self on fire, being boarded
by the *English*, and five other taken by Master *Watts*
his Ship of *London*, between the *Florida* and *Cape*
St. Michaels. The fourth of this Month of *November* we
received Letters from the *Tercera*, affirming that there
are 3000 bodies of men remaining in that *Island*, saved
out of the perished Ships, and that by the *Spaniards*
own confession, there are 10000 cast away in this
Storm, besides those that are perished between the *Islands*
and the *Main*. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for
us, and to defend the Justice of our Cause, against
the ambitious and bloody pretences of the *Spaniards*,
who seeking to devour all Nations, are Themselves
devoured. A manifest testimony how unjust and dis-
sembling, their attempts are in the sight of God, who

G hath

had pleased to vnderstand that the King had
his minde of their bloody and inhumane
poyed and practised death all Christian
whom they seek unlawfull and ungodly Rule and
Empire.

One day or two before this Wreck happened to the
Spanish Fleet, when as some of our Prisoners desired
to be let on shore upon the *Islands*, hoping to be from
thence transported into *England*, which liberty was
formerly by the General promised: One *Robert Elton*
John Son of Old *John of Denmark*, a notable French
or, Couard German to the late Earl of *Deuon*, was
sent to the *English* from Ship to Ship to perswade
them to serue the King of *Spain*, the arguments he u-
sed to induce them were these. The increase of Pay
which he promised to be trobled; and a consent to a
better sort: and the exercise of the True Catholick
Religion, and safety of their Soules to file. But the first
even the beggerly and unnatural behaviour of these
English and *Irish* Rebels, that serued the King in this
present action, was sufficient to answer that first ar-
gument of rich Pay. For so poor and beggerly they
were, as for want of Apparel they stripped themselves
Country-men Prisoners out of their ragged Garments
worn to nothing by six Months service, and dared
not to bestow them even of their bloody Shirts, from
their wounded bodies, and the very Shooes from their
feet. A notable testimony of their abject condition
and great Wages. The second reason was hope of ad-
uancement if they serued well, and would continue
faithfull to the King. But what man can be so block-
ishly ignorant ever to expect place or honour from
a forraign King, having no other argument or persua-

And thus the Lord God hath made manifest to his
own Countrymen, that he is not a Prince, but he
is not, and religious to his true Prince, to whose
Assistance he is bound by Oath, by Nature, and by
Religion: No, they are only assured to be employed
in all desperate enterprises, to be held in scorn and
disdain ever among those whom they serve. And that
ever Traitor was either trusted or advanced I could
never yet read, neither can I at this time remember
any example. And so soon could have been become
the place of an Orator for such a purpose, then this
Matter of *Deputy*. For the Earl his Cousin being one
of the greatest Subjects in that Kingdom of *England*
having almost whole Counties in his possession, to wit
my goodly Manors, Castles, and Lordships, the Count
Palatine of *Rhineland*, five hundred Gentlemen of his own
name and family, to wit, his own, besides others, all
which he possessed in peace for three or four hundred
years, was in less then three years after his adhering
to the *Spaniards* and Rebellion, beaten from all his
holds, not so many as his Gentlemen of his name left
living, himself taken and beheaded by a Soldier of
his own Nation, and his Land given by Parliament
to my Majesty, and possessed by the *English*. His o-
ther Cousin Sir *John of Deputy* taken by Master *John*
Zouche, and his body hanged over the Gates of his na-
tive City to be devoured by Ravens: the third Bro-
ther Sir *James* hanged, drawn, and quartered in the
same place. If he had withall vaunted of his success
of his own House, no doubt the Argument would have
moved much, and wrought great effect, which be-
cause he for that present forgot, I thought it good to
remember in this behalf. For matter of Religion it would
bringa joynt ennobling a good last not require

require a particular Nobility, if I should fondly be
 religiously they get at their greedy and ambitious
 rinces, with the call of Piety. But for a Law, that there
 is no Kingdom of Common wealth in all Europe, but
 they be reformed, they then invade in for Religion like
 this, as they term Catholique, they pretend Title; as
 if the Kings of *Castile* were the natural heirs of all the
 world: and so between both, no Kingdom is unsought.
 Where they dare not with their own forces to invade,
 they basely entertain the Traitors and Vagabonds of all
 Nations: looking by those and by their runagate *Jesuits*
 to win parts, and have by that means ruined many noble
 Houses & others in this Land, & have extinguished both
 their Lives and Families. What good, honour, or fortune
 ever Man yet by them atchieved, is yet unheard of, or un-
 written. And if our *English* Papists do but look into *Portu-
 gall* against which they have no pretence of Religion, how
 the Nobility are put to death, imprisoned, their rich men
 made a Prey, & all sorts of People Captives, they shall
 find that the Obedience even of the *Turks* is easy and a Li-
 berty, in respect of the Slavery and Tyranny of *Spain*.
 What have they done in *Sicily*, in *Naples*, *Milaine*,
 and in the Low Countries; who hath there been Liberty
 for Religion at all? And is someth to my remembrance
 of a certain Burger of *Amsterpe*, whose Houle being
 entered by a Company of *Spanish* *Souldiers*, when they
 first sacked the City, he besought them to spare him
 and his Goods, being a Good Catholique, and one of
 their own Party and Faction: The *Spaniards* answered
 that they knew him to be of a good Conscience for
 himself, but his Money, Plate, Jewels, and Goods,
 were all Heretical, and therefore good prize. So they
 abused and cornented the Foolish *Flemings*, who hoped
 that an *Idol* *Dei* had been a sufficient target against

in the North of the rich and Chaste Nation. Neither
 have they desired to be converted, nor do they desire
 to be converted, but only to be converted to Christianity,
 rather to returne the People to Christianity,
 than for either Gold or Empery, whereas in
 the only Island called *Alphonso*, they have wasted
 Thirty Hundred Thousand of the Naturall People, be-
 sides many Millions else in other places of the *Indies*.
 A poor and harmless people Created of God, and might
 have beene wonne to his knowledge, as many of them
 were, and almost as many as ever were persuaded there-
 unto. The Story whereof is at large Written by a
 Bishop of their own Nation, called *Bertholomeus de Las*
Casas, and Translated into *English*, and many other
 Languages, intituled, *The Spanish Cruelties*. Who would
 therefore repose trust in such a Nation of Ravenous
 Strangers, and especially in those *Spaniards*, which
 were greatly thirst after English Blood, then after
 the lives of any other people of *Europe*, for the many
 overflows and Dishonours they have received at our
 hands, in these Weakness we have discovered to the
 World, and whose forces at home, abroad, in *Europe*,
 in *Africa*, by Sea and Land, we have even with hand-
 sons of men and Ships, Overthrown and Dishonoured.
 But not therefore any *Englishman*, of what Religion
 Sect, have other opinion of the *Spaniards*, but that
 those whom he seeketh to winn of our Nation, the
 most base and Traiterous, unworthy persons, or
 unconstant fools, and that he useth his pretence of
 Religion, for no other purpose but to bewitch us from
 the Obedience of our Naturall Prince, thereby Hoping
 in time to bring us to Slavery and Subjection, and
 then none shall be unto them so odious, and disdained
 as the Traitors themselves, who have sold their Coun-

trey

tray to a Stranger, and forsaken their Faith and Obedience contrary to Nature and Religion, and contrary to that humane and general honour not only of Christians, but of Heathen and Irreligious Nations, who have always sustained what labour soever, and embraced even Death it self, for their Country, Prince, or Common wealth. To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of Malicious Enemies, of sworn Traytors, and of unjust Practices and Invasions. She hath ever been Honoured of the Worthiest Kings, Served by Faithfull Subjects, and shall by the favour of God, Resist, Repell and Compound all whatsoever attempt against her Sacred Person or Kingdom. In the meantime, Let the Spaniards and Traytor vaine of their Success, and we her true and obedient Vassals, guided by the shining light of her Vertues, shall always love her, serve her, and obey her to the End of our Lives.

Our beloved Son Sir John Granvill, Knight of the Order of the Bath, immediately after his Restoration, and through his great and singular Merits, was made

CHAP. XXV. Our beloved Son Sir John Granvill, Knight of the Order of the Bath, immediately after his Restoration, and through his great and singular Merits, was made
 In consideration of the many Services done by our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Servant Sir John Granvill (one of the Gentlemen of our Bed-Chamber) and his Father, the most Valiant and Loyal Sir Bevil Granvill, who most Honourably fell in the Battle of Marston down in the Defense and Service of the Crown against the Rebels, after he had performed many other great and signal Services.

But more especially in consideration of the late most and important Services never so long forgotten by us or our Posterity, which the said Sir John Granvill hath lately performed in his Person in his great, prudent and most faithfull Transactions and Negotiations, in concluding the most happy Treaty, which by his late Majesty's special Command and Commission, with our Famous and Renowned General Monk; and wherein he alone (and no other) was intrusted by Us; concerning the said Treaty, about those most important Affairs for our Restauration; which he has most faithfullly performed with great prudence, care, secrecy and advantage for our Service, without any conditions imposed upon us beyond our expectation; and the Commission we gave him; whereof we doubt not, but by Gods blessing; we shall speedily see the effects of our said happy Restauration. We are graciously pleased to promise, upon the Word of a King, that as soon as we are arrived in England; and it shall please God to restore us to our Crown of that Kingdom; We will confer upon our said right Trusty and well-beloved Servant Sir John Granvill the place and office of
 Groom

Groom of our Stole, and Esq. Gentleman of our Bed Chamber, with all his Persons, and Possessions thereunto belonging, together with the Title and Dignity of an Earl of our Kingdom of England: And the better to support the said Title of Honour, and to reward as we ought those many great Services, and to recompence the losses and sufferings of him and his Family: We are further graciously pleased to promise upon our said Royal Word, to pay all the Debts that he the said Sir John Granvill, or his Father have contracted in the late Wars, in our Service, or in our Royal Fathers of Blessed Memory: and also to bestow and settle, in good Land in England, an Estate of Inheritance to the value of at least 3000*l.* per annum, upon him the said Sir John Granvill, and his Heirs for ever, to remain as a perpetual acknowledgement for his said Services; and as a Testimony of our Grace and Favour towards him, and this Ancient and Loyal Family of the Granvills, unto all Posterity. Given at our Court at Brussels, the 2d of April, in the 12th year of our Reign 1660.

By his Majesties Command

Edm. Nicholae

FINIS

